

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1867.

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THEY MAKE ALL KINDS OF PLANS.

"CONFOUND and confuse the dogs!" (it was something worse in reality,) cried out the Squire, picking himself up from among them; "I have broken my arm."

He had not, to relieve the reader's anxiety. All that had happened was this. He had been going through an interview with his steward, stud-groom, and butler in his study, and had got into a most abominable temper with all three of them for no earthly reason. He had left them, scolding, and had scolded so loud (gone away "hobbling and cussing," said the butler), that the bloodhounds had heard him coming, and had prepared to welcome him by standing and sniffing at the door by which they knew he would enter. Consequently Silcote, bursting into the hall in King Cambyse's vein, tripped up over the foolishest and boldest puppy, and came headlong down among three hundred weight and three hundred pounds' worth of useless and stupid dog-flesh, and hurt his elbow. The dogs immediately licked his face; all except the junior dog, who was damaged by his fall, and boo-whooped away with his grievance into the chimney-corner.

"I wish the confounded dogs were
No. 90.—VOL. XV.

dead," he said, raising himself up. "They are eating me out of house and home, and I am being swindled and cheated out of house and home. I have broken my arm, I hope. I should like to have broken my arm; it would give me prestige again. I wish I had the typhus fever; they would all come flocking back again fast enough then, to see about the will. I am perfectly certain that I am being cheated right and left by those three, but I can't prove it, and they ain't a bit afraid of me. I never should get a civil word from any of them now, even if any of them were here; but they have all run away from me. I have hurt that puppy, though. I must go and see after him. Ban! Ban! What is it, old fellow? Hang the dog, he is sneaking away! Go to Italy, you ungrateful whelp! Lor, how foolish I have been on the whole!"

"You never said a truer word than that," said Mrs. Tom's voice at his elbow. She had heard him scolding along the passages, and was advancing to open the door for him, when he burst in, and tumbled over the dogs.

"Hallo!" said he, looking somewhat foolish; "so you are there, Madam Tongue, are you!"

"Here I am, tongue and all," she replied, "with a very ugly black crow to pick with you, Squire."

"Well, go on, then, and pick it," said Silcote; "you are all against me now. Go on. Scold yourself into quiescence, like any other woman: if you scold yourself into hysterics, I'll not raise a hand to bring you out of them."

"Don't be ungentlemanlike," said Mrs. Thomas. "I don't allow it. Keep your temper for your dogs. I will have none of it."

"So you have turned against me, have you?"

"Yes, strongly. You have deceived me grossly."

"You are one of the most perfectly foolish persons," said Silcote, "that I ever met in my life."

Her own habit of "hitting out," retorted on herself so singularly, made her pause in answering. Before she answered he was at her again.

"You love to call me a fool. It keeps your tongue in order. But in my worst times I never was so foolish as you. I knew that you had come into this 4,000*l.* a year some time ago, but I kept the knowledge of it from you. I loved you, and I love you; but you have no settlements, and he could use it. And he would gamble it away in less than a year. He is in the Austrian army, and—they are going to fight."

"You would not have him dead?" she asked, and began walking rapidly up and down the hall.

"Not I. I only reminded you that he will have the spending of your money, and will spend it; and then your boy will be dependent entirely on me, who am half-fool and half-madman, according to your account. You and your boy are, in reality, at my mercy if you declare yourself. And then you irritate me, and make me dangerous."

"How often am I to tell you that I am not afraid of you. I see that it was in kindness to me that you practised this deceit on me, and advised my brother to do the same. Well, I forgive you; let there be peace."

"I have no objection," growled the Squire. "I don't want to have any row.

I act for the best, and then I catch it. It is a grateful world, this. I have let my servants do pretty much as they please, and I know I am being cheated right and left."

"Serve you right for tempting them. You had much better leave this for a time and come with me, to help me in my work."

"What may that be?"

"Trying to reclaim my husband, and righting the memory of your wife."

"Giving four thousand a year to a gambler to spend, and disinheriting your own son. For, if matters are cleared up, Algernon is my heir. In such an utterly foolish errand you are quite right to select the greatest fool of your acquaintance; and I am that fool. I am complimented by your selection, and join you with pleasure."

"Had not you better go to bed for a few hours?"

"Why?"

"Because you are in one of those fits of silly cynical ill-temper which the folks hereabouts call your 'dark moods.' Try and sleep it off. Go to bed, that's a dear child, do; and I will put a paper of lollipops under his pillow against he wakes, pretty thing. Now, do go to bed, like a good little boy."

There must be some truth in some kind of homœopathy—though in this case the dose was anything but infinitesimal—for the effect of her sarcastic scorn matched against his was most beneficial. The humour displayed on both sides was small, but hers neutralized his. He stamped up and down for about a minute, and then, saying aloud, "Confound the woman! I would have disinherited Tom ten years sooner if I had known he had married such a shrew," looked up at her laughing.

She knew when she had gained her object, and when to stop. She laughed also, and said, with only the ghost of an emphasis on the "now" (she was too much of a woman to forego *that*)—

"Now, my dear father-in-law, we will talk business."

To which he answered, "I will do everything you can possibly desire if

you will only stay by me. I must not part from you."

"You shall not. Let nothing part us. My duty is with you, Silcote; but there are conditions; nay, only one."

"Let us have it."

"That we two do right, nothing but right, and most inexorably right, in following out our bargain; and that we utterly disregard consequences of all sorts and kinds."

The Squire loitered into the porch, and she followed him for her answer.

"How splendid the crocuses are this spring," he said first; "and that daphne too, in full bloom so early. Do you know the scent of the daphne; the most rich, glorious, overpowering scent in the world, to which that of the magnolia seems like a grocer's spices? How do the storms and frosts of a bitter northern winter develop such a pure sweet scent as that?"

"Tolerable as a half-thought," said Mrs. Thomas. "Better in intention than in expression. Go, cut me a sprig of it, and bring back your answer with it."

He went, smiling, and did as she told him. He held the beautiful pink, rich-scented bough to her face, and as he did so kissed her on her forehead, and said, "I agree."

"Let me understand to what."

"To the righting of all previous wrongs without regard to consequences. To doing the right henceforth. On a condition."

"What condition?"

"That you are not to dictate exactly what is right and what is wrong without consultation with me."

"Well," she said, "I will agree to that for two reasons. The first is, that if you allow discussion I shall always have my own way, and the second is that the difference between right and wrong was settled immoveably before Adam and Eve appeared on the earth, and that you and I know the difference between them, which some don't. I have another thing to say to you."

"Well?"

"I wish to be very tender and deli-

cate about it, dear Silcote, but I am a coarse and rough-spoken woman. I spoke roughly to you about it in my room at St. Mary's, a little while ago, but I will speak roughly to you no more. We are allied. You wish your wife righted, and you wish to know yourself that she is righted."

The poor old fellow leant against the porch, and looked out into the woods for a little time before he answered.

"I think so. I think that I could bear the horrible burden of my most hideous and ghastly mistake better if it was demonstrated to me by undoubtable evidence. I think so. I am a lawyer, and have been accustomed to examine evidence, and the evidence against her was frightfully strong. Your sentimental special pleading has done more than made me doubt; I have acquitted her often and often, but not always. In my darker moods I doubt again. I think that I would rather have it cleared up without doubt; so that she and I might stand clear, the one before the other: that I might ask her forgiveness with no cloud of doubt between us. In my present mood, while I am with you, I believe her to be an innocent, deeply-wronged woman; and I wish her proved so—in my present mood."

"But we are going to have none of the old moods, Silcote, are we?"

"None! None! But you see the nameless misery and despair which the clearing of her character would—*would* be confounded—*will* bring on me. She was trusted to me, she trusted herself to me, and I murdered her. Can you wonder that I want your noble strength to help me through? But I will go through with it—if you will only stay by me—to the death."

"God help you, my poor Silcote! God help you! Do you never pray?"

"Not I. I pray? I'll pray to her for forgiveness."

"Could you not cast yourself on God?"

"I am too old, I expect. I did not begin soon enough, I suppose."

"It is not too late."

"You are a good woman, but women

don't understand that sort of thing. Arthur is the priest of the family. I had him bred for it. When I want a priest I'll send for Arthur, and endure his tongue, which is a sharp one. I paid for his education as a priest, and I have a right to his services. I don't like the amateur style of business at all, neither in law nor divinity. An attorney's clerk may air his opinions before a police magistrate with success, just as you may have your amateur notions about theology. But Arthur has eaten his dinners, so to speak, and you haven't. In either of the three professions of Law, Physic, or Divinity, I go in for the regular practitioner against the quack."

"We must leave this greatest business of all alone, then, for the present, and trust to God. Now, have you any proofs? Will you put them in my hands? May I open this black box in your bedroom?"

"You may go and get it."

"You are not angry with me again?"

"May God bless you, my dear. I angry with you? Go and get the box, and let us have it over."

She went, and returned with a little black despatch-box. Silcote was gone when she returned, but soon came back, explaining that he had been for the key. It was a rusty key, not used apparently for a long time. He opened the box with it, and the box was empty!

They looked at one another for a few moments in blank astonishment, and then Mrs. Thomas Silcote burst out laughing. Silcote himself did not laugh, but looked seriously and sadly at her.

She laughed long and heartily, and when she spoke, said, "Laugh with me, my dear father-in-law, I pray you. There is serious work before us, which we must see out together; but laugh now at the absurd side of the business, just once in a way. You and I shall not have much to laugh at for a long time: let us laugh at this."

"I cannot."

"I can, and I'll tell you why. Because here is the darkest, deepest mystery of all: this great Silcote complication come to an end in an empty morocco

despatch-box with a morocco lining, and nothing at all in it. This is the *dénouement* of the great Silcote plot or mystery which has darkened and rendered useless your life for forty years or so. It was through this that you took to keeping your bloodhounds, now as amiable and as foolish as yourself. It was through this that you cut yourself off from society, and made yourself a marked man in the county, delighting in your evil name with all the ostentation of a real Silcote (*roturiers* as you are). This is the very box on which you told me the devil danced every night as soon as you put out your candle. What a clever devil it must have been to dance on the empty box, while you were routing in bed, and maddening yourself about its contents!"

"Steady with that tongue of yours, my dear," said Silcote. "Steady! Steady!"

"I beg pardon," she said; "I beg a hundred pardons. I thought I had got it in order, but you see I have not as yet. My excuse is that anything theatrically false irritates me, as far as I can be irritated. Your life has been a theatrically false one, and I laugh when I see that it gets a little ridiculous in the end. Well, well. There is work before the pair of us, and I will curb my tongue; and I will not laugh any more. With regard to this preposterous box, on which the devil danced: what was in it?"

"The letter which accused my wife of trying to poison me."

"Hah! and it is there no longer," said Mrs. Thomas. "What a thing for a play! And what was this document like?"

"I will tell you something," said Silcote.

"Do," she said, "and I will laugh no more. The farce of the thing is over, and the tragedy is coming. You and I shall want all our wits. My daily thoughts reappear in my nightly dreams, and always I see the white trampled under by the red and blue."

"But the white will win this time."

"No, no."

"We ought to be there, daughter, if you think so."

"We ought to be there, father, for I do think so. What is this 'something,' which you were going to tell me?"

"About this accusation which was in that now empty box. It was clumsily forged to imitate my sister, the Princess's, handwriting. I always knew it was not hers, but I suspected she had something to do with it: that is the reason of our estrangement."

"And of the bloodhounds, and, to put it mildly, of your behaviour to society generally. If you had gone in for writing a play or a novel I can conceive that you might have resorted to that ridiculous sort of mystery. As it is you are without excuse. Why did not you have it out with her like a man? But I am dumb. I promised to curb my tongue, and I will."

"At what particular period of the future," growled out Silcote, "do you mean to curb your tongue? I should like to know, because, if you would fix the date, I would deprive myself of the pleasure of your company till it came due. If you will stop your tongue—not that I hope for any such happiness—I will tell you the remainder of my something."

"Go on. I will be quiet."

"Do. Well, then, my poor sister has stolen this accusation from me. She has thought that I believed that it was really in her handwriting, and she has violated my despatch box and carried it away. Do you understand?"

"I do *not* understand. I am neither a novelist, a barrister, nor a play writer, and I do *not* understand. I *know* this. That you, who as a lawyer ought to have made all things clear, seem in your particular way to have confounded things more deeply. Your foolish sister has scarcely with her active mendacity confounded things more than you have by your foolish reticence. But we ought to go and see after it, you and I. A woman who could rob her brother's despatch-box is capable of a good deal of mischief. You and I ought to go and look after matters."

"You have sent for your cousin here, have you not?"

"Yes. I thought it best. I can't trust you out of my sight. Miss Lee comes to-morrow or next day. Where is Arthur? We must not have a meeting here. Is he really gone abroad?"

"Yes, he is actually gone. He is really ill. Dr. F—— has sent him to Boppard. He wanted to stick to his work at the school, but Dr. F—— would not have it. If you and I go south we must pick him up by the way. Arthur irritates and bullies me at times, but I love Arthur and you better than any others in the world. As for Thomas, your husband, my dear, he has worn my love out, as he did yours."

"I don't know *that*," said she; "there are some people so intensely agreeable that they may sin till seventy times seven. There are but few of them, and you are not one; but I doubt Tom is."

A very few words are necessary to explain that the legal recognition of Mrs. Thomas Silcote as Mrs. Sugden was easily made, and that Miss Lee received her cousin with open arms. Silcote had rather fought shy of meeting his daughter-in-law for a short time, in consequence of the little deceit he had used towards her, and, when he did, there came the explanation recorded above.

CHAPTER XL

BUT, FINDING THEMSELVES RATHER COMFORTABLE, DAWDLE ABOUT THEIR EXECUTION.

"How do I look?" said the Squire to Mrs. Thomas, as they walked together up and down the hall, waiting for the arrival of Miss Lee.

"You don't look as well as I expected. You look something like a very pugnacious Quaker, and still more like a prize-fighter who has turned Quaker. The change is not a success."

"It was your suggestion."

"I am aware of it, but the cleverest of us make mistakes at times. They are not a success, and must be changed. Give them to the butler."

"They cost six pounds, you know."

"That is a matter of indifference. I will not have you look like a radical grocer. The old grey smallclothes and gaiters were better, bad as they were. You *ought* to know how to dress like an ordinary gentleman, but you don't."

"Go on."

"I am going on, if you will not interrupt me. I wanted you to look well to-day, and you are a perfect figure. When I told you to get a suit of dark clothes from your London tailor, I did not mean you to come out like a teetotal share-jobber. You look as if you had been dressed by a *costumier*, not by a real tailor. Did you get your clothes from Nathan's? You don't know how ill they become you. I take all the blame, however. She is nearly due now."

Mrs. Thomas had persuaded, or rather ordered, the Squire to dress himself in a way becoming to his age; and he had followed her advice. The result was such as she described it. She was, possibly, slightly acid in temper over this failure in her judgment; the more so, perhaps, because her law of inexorable honesty bound her to confess it.

Very soon after one of the Squire's newest carriages came whirling up the drive, and pulled up at the door. This contained Miss Lee herself. Her maid, her man (sedatest of men), her boxes, and the rest of her goods were coming in a separate spring-cart appointed for such purposes. In this carriage was only herself and a few of her more indispensable surrounding—such as her muff, her magazine (*Fraser's*; *Macmillan's* had not yet beamed on the world), and a travelling-bag with gold fittings, for which she had given a hundred guineas or so, and without which she could no more travel than could poor Marie Antoinette without her ivory and rose-wood *nécessaire*.

No more sliding in the streets now, Miss Lee; no more talking to the policemen; no more buying periwinkles in the street, and eating them with a pin as you walked along; no more skirmishing

and fighting with the pupils. She had accepted her new position so cleverly and so well that it had become a part of herself. The real Miss Lee was the splendid heiress; the old boisterous governess was but a sort of eidolon which had been allowed for purposes to represent on earth the real article with the gold-topped dressing-bag. Nothing remained of the old one but her splendid beauty, her old independent ways which enabled her to do without a companion, and a habit of looking somewhat steadily at any person, either male or female, whom she wished to examine, without always considering what their thoughts on the subject might be: which last habit made some folks call her bold-looking. These were the only remains now visible of the periwinkle-and-policeman period.

The Squire—who *was* a gentleman, or, at all events, believed himself to be so—was greatly to be pitied on this occasion. He had been carefully warned by his daughter-in-law that Miss Lee—whatever she *might* have been at one time, however much she might have degraded herself by being a governess in the Silcote family—had been born and bred a lady, and was now a very fine lady indeed. Silcote, with the continually-growing, sneaking consciousness on him of having made a fool of himself for nearly forty years, remembered that he had not met a lady for all that time in familiar intercourse. He had cast it over in his mind how he should behave to her, and had come to the conclusion that it should be the Grandison heavy father, with a dash of the frank old English country gentleman. He had dressed for the part, and had so far rehearsed the part as to put his hands in his waistcoat pockets, stretch his legs apart, and feel himself prepared, when the emergency came, to talk in a voice like that of Mr. Paul Bedford, in what is called, I believe, a "genteel part." He had dressed for that part under his daughter-in-law's directions, and thought that he could get through it very well; but, just as

he was, so to speak, going to walk on the stage, this faithless woman had taken all the wind out of his sails, and utterly ruined his nerve, by telling him that he looked like a prize-fighting Quaker: which might be true, but was not agreeable.

Still he determined to go through with his *rôle*. Feeling as if he was dressed in his butler's clothes, he advanced to the carriage-door to receive Miss Lee. And it may seem curious to an unthoughtful person, Miss Lee took him for his butler, looked calmly over the top of his head, handed him her hundred guinea travelling-bag, dismounted, and said—

"Show my people where to put my things when they come. Take that *couvre-pieds* out of the carriage, will you? Don't let it go into the stable-yard. Are your master, or Mrs. Morgan, at home?"

For Mrs. Morgan was not yet announced as Mrs. Thomas Silcote.

This little *contretemps* put the Squire at his ease and in good humour immediately. Mrs. Thomas heard the dialogue, and joined in the joke.

"My master is at home, Miss," said the Squire, "as also is Mrs. Morgan. There are no further orders, Miss?"

"I think not," said Miss Lee. "My man is to go into the steward's room, not into the servants' hall. My maid, of course, goes into the housekeeper's room. That is all, I think. Where is your mistress—I mean, where is Mrs. Morgan? Do these great dogs, which your master chooses to keep, bite?"

"No, Miss," said Silcote; "do nothing but sleep now. Sometimes they get the steam up sufficiently to bark, but not often."

"Drive them back. My dear creature" (to Mrs. Thomas who approached), "how are you? Make the butler drive these dogs away. And where is Grand-père le Terrible? And how is *he* getting on? And how are you?"

"Drive your dogs off, butler," said Mrs. Tom, laughing, "and come in, my dear. This butler here is a character, and we allow him all kinds of liberties.

You must know him better. I assure you he is a character."

"He looks very stupid," said Miss Lee, not intending him to hear her; but he heard her notwithstanding. His eyes twinkled with fun (excuse a worn-out old simile, it will serve our purpose), and he was going to say something funny, but did not, because Mrs. Thomas anticipated him.

"He is very stupid, my dear," she said aloud. "His stupidity is a plague to us. But ought you not to see Silcote?"

"I suppose I must. I dread it of all things, but I suppose I must, sooner or later. He has a dreadful tongue, I am told."

"He has a terrible tongue. It is a terrible thing to offend Silcote. Here he is."

Silcote came up, and bowed to Miss Lee. "Bless you, sir," she said, "I always thought that you were such a terrible person. I don't fancy that I shall be a bit afraid of you. I took you for the butler."

"My bark is worse than my bite, Miss Lee."

"He is all bark and no bite," said Mrs. Thomas.

"And I have a dutiful daughter-in-law, Miss Lee, who holds me up to ridicule on every occasion," said Silcote.

"And he has a tongue which does not always tell the exact truth," said Mrs. Thomas. "I never hold him up to ridicule, save when he makes himself ridiculous."

"Do you know," said Miss Lee, "that you two people seem to me already to spar a great deal too much?"

"We shall finish our sparring when we are both in the churchyard, but our love will live on," said Silcote.

"That may be," said Miss Lee, "but I don't like sparring myself. If you go on eternally wearing at the outside edge of love, you may get to the love some day, and kill *that*. I don't say that it will happen between such a pair of rhinoceroses as you two; I don't think it ever will. But it is a bad habit, this sparring. I am going to live

with you, and I wish to say that you ought to leave it off towards one another, and certainly never try it on me."

"But we love one another, the father and I," said Mrs. Thomas.

"You do at present. You have not seen one another much, you know, and you have both had your troubles. You have been thrown together with every chance of being hearty, mutually assistant friends for life. And I come here, and I have not been ten minutes in the house before I find you whetting your tongues against one another, to see which tongue is sharpest. Believe me that it is utter folly."

"You speak well, cousin," said Mrs. Thomas. "Where did you learn this?"

"Have you studied shrewdness of tongue, that you have lost shrewdness of brain? I have told you everything."

"You mean Arthur."

"I mean Arthur. I loved that man until he wore through the outside crust of my love. I submitted to him and flattered him—what could I do else? he was the noblest creature I had ever seen—until he wore through the outside crust of my love with his bitter sharp speech, the speech of the Silcotes' Squire, and got to the core of my love, a love which came from the admiration of his innate nobleness; I can express it no better. My soul was his for a time; what did he do with it? Everything I did wrong was wrong without excuse: everything I did right was done from contemptible motives, which he analysed in the bitterest manner. There is your granddaughter Dora and your granddaughter Anne. Let either of them fall in love with a chimney-sweep, but let neither of them fall in love with a schoolmaster.

"Or a priest," said Mrs. Thomas quietly. "My dear, you are talking too fast."

"Very likely: am I not in Silcote, where every one says the first thing which comes into their heads, and, what is still more pestilent, does it inexorably and mercilessly for forty years?"

"You seem to have caught the disease of the house, my love," said Mrs. Thomas.

"So soon?" said Miss Lee. "How quick the spores of folly fly! Well, I really think you are right. Suppose we try to be civil to one another?"

And the good-humoured gentle girl kept this object before her, and fought for it. There was some sort of tacit arrangement between her, her cousin, and the Squire that she was to stay on there. It was one of those arrangements which seem made by the instinct more than the intellect: I doubt if the arrangement ever got as far as articulate words. Yet something to this purpose must have passed between her and Mrs. Thomas, when the latter lady presented herself to claim her moiety of the property. Probably they only fell in love with one another, as women do. But, when Miss Lee came to Silcotes, she brought an enormous number of boxes, and, after having heard that Arthur was ordered away for his health, put her servants in London on board wages, and sent for some more boxes. And meanwhile there grew in all three of them an indisposition to hurry themselves in moving.

The Squire and his daughter-in-law found out the very first day what she was. A gentle, genial, amiable, and clever woman, with plenty of character, and a most charming temper. Before the week was out both these rugged souls had felt the influence of her gentleness and her beauty, and ceased their rude words towards one another. They broke out at times, but Miss Lee, with her kindly laughter, laughed them both down. For what can the most radically rugged nature do against a splendidly beautiful woman, *beautifully dressed and jewelled* (that is not the least part of it, or *Sartor Resartus* was written in vain), who shows the geniality of radicalism with none of its acerbity? She was as radical and as uncompromising as either of them, but she was never in the least degree Berserk. She saw that the old wild spirit was still in both of them, in Silcote always ready to break first, in Mrs. Thomas at times difficult to repress. She saw her work before her, and she did it. She calmed

and quieted them both. They had both, particularly Mrs. Thomas, far stronger natures than hers. She knew it, and she knew that her strength lay in gentleness: and she used that strength, and did her work well.

Did she still love the man who had first taught her and trained her; or, to put it in another way, had taught her to teach and train herself? Did she still love Arthur? Yes, not to make an Asio-Caucasian mystery of the story, she did; let her say what she liked. But she knew Arthur's honest pride so well, that she knew that he would never come to *her*. She was ready to go to *him*. Only she waited until she could find out, by a side wind, whether his love for her had lasted. For she knew that he had loved her once. He had behaved ill and selfishly to her, but she knew that he had loved her once. A woman, they say, generally knows when a man loves her.

Miss Lee had arrived at Silcotes on Monday. By Saturday her influence had been felt, and the other two had got to love her. Still there had been no explanations, beyond some talk about their mutual inheritance, which mainly turned on a conspiracy between them to deprive the lawyers of their natural rights, and avoid law. Silcote himself was funny over this part of the business, and was in favour of a friendly suit between the cousins, for the benefit of the lawyers. He himself, he said, would take the brief of either party; and, give him his choice of attorneys, would, for a small bet, leave either of them or both of them without a farthing. He, however, ultimately managed the law part of their little business for them most admirably, and secretly paid the fees out of his own pocket. But in this first week he whetted his wits on them both, and a pleasant week they had of it.

On the Saturday evening Mrs. Thomas observed to Miss Lee, "I have ordered the carriage for you to-morrow morning."

"The carriage! why?" said Miss Lee.

"To go to Marlow. There is no mass at Newby, and there will not be for all the next month. Father Protheroe is ill, and——"

"Mass!" interrupted Miss Lee; "what do I want at mass?"

"My dear, I thought you were Catholic; I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Thomas.

"We call ourselves Catholic, certainly," said Miss Lee, "when we don't call ourselves Anglo-Catholic, which somebody used to tell me was only more ridiculous. I am not a Romanist."

"I thought you were."

"Nothing of the kind. I am what they would call very High Church, I suppose; and you are not innocent there. I am going to church with you and Silcote to-morrow morning. Silcote goes to church, of course!"

"Silcote would see himself a long distance off first," remarked that gentleman. "I may be a brute, but I am not a humbug. Boxed up in an apology for a sheep-pen for an hour and a half, and then hearing a man in a box talking platitudes which you can't contradict for another half-hour. No!"

Mrs. Thomas was preparing herself to go about with him on this view of the matter, when Miss Lee waved her hand and interposed.

"But you are coming with us to-morrow morning, Silcote," she said.

"Did I not say that I would see myself a long way off first?" he answered.

"Yes," said Miss Lee, "but then you know that involves an absurdity; because you know you could not possibly see yourself at a long way off, and you will come with us to-morrow morning, won't you?"

"To hear old Sorley's platitudes?" said Silcote.

"To worship with your fellow-Christians in the first place," said Miss Lee. "That can do you no harm; and, as for Sorley's platitudes, they are good ones. Old as the hills, true as the Gospel from which they are taken."

"I know more than that old fool does."

"Possibly. The greater your con-

demnation," said Mrs. Thomas. "The man is, to a certain extent, objectionable to me; because my formulas are High Church, and his are almost Low. But compare his life to yours. How much does he take from the parish?"

"Well, *I* have the great tithe. It came to me with Silcotes, you know, and it has been paid for."

"Not by you," said Mrs. Thomas. "What does the Vicar take from the parish?"

"96*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* last year," said Silcotes.

"And what did he pay his curate?" demanded Miss Lee.

"I don't know, and don't care," said Silcotes. "The curate drives about in a dog-cart; and has got one of the Joneses for his groom. He is all right."

"And what do you take for the great tithe, Silcote?" said Mrs. Thomas; "and what do you give to the charities, Silcote?"

"Oh, hang it all, I'll go to church if you will only leave me alone. *I'll* go to church, if it is only because your superstition prevents your talking there. Every one will laugh at me, and the women will giggle at one another's bonnets. But I will do any thing, if you will only keep your tongues quiet."

So Silcote went to church with them; and they felt, at least so Mrs. Thomas said, as if they had been leading about one of Elisha's she-bears, to dance in respectable places. But they got through with it, and the congregation were not very much scandalized, for he was the biggest landlord in these parts, and had forty thousand a year. At the Belief he sat down, instead of turning to the altar, until Mrs. Thomas poked him with her Prayer-book, upon which he demanded, in a tongue perfectly audible, and particularly well "understood of the people," as the Article goes, "what the dickens he had to do now?" He got into complications with his hassock, and Miss Lee's hassock, and used what his enemies said were oaths against footstools. He had got it into his head that it was the right thing to take an umbrella to church, and he leant his (which he had borrowed from his butler)

against Miss Lee's. They fell down in the middle of the Litany, and he looked as innocent as he could, but kept one eye on the congregation, and one on Miss Lee, as if to say that this was not the first time that that young woman had done it, and that you must not be hard on her.

But they got Silcote to church between them, these two women; and knew that they had done right in doing so. But neither of them were inclined to try it again. It was not a success. After lunch that day Miss Lee told Mrs. Thomas that she looked ten years older than she did in the morning. Mrs. Thomas said that she supposed she did. It would not do, this taking of Silcote to church.

God sometimes treats fools sharply and sternly,—generally, if one may dare to say so, when they are worth so treating. Silcote was a fool, but a fool worthy of discipline. He got that discipline with a vengeance.

"We can't rouse him, you know, cousin," said Miss Lee, after Mrs. Thomas's church experiment. "We must leave it all to God." And God took it into His own hands.

"I wish we could get him away from here," said Mrs. Thomas, in a subsequent conversation. "He will never get quit of his old folly with all the ministers to it still round him, with his dogs, his horses, his carriages, his blood-hounds, and all the rest of it; the man will forget his only purpose in life, and remain as foolish as ever. I myself should become a perfect fool if I remained much longer in this atmosphere of perfectly useless ostentation, and I want to go to Switzerland and see after my boy. And this sort of thing is doing *you* no good, my dear: you were never made for the silly and senseless routine of a rich English country house."

"I don't think I was," said Miss Lee. "I could get on very well in London with ragged-schools, Sunday-schools, turn about at the hospital, district-visiting, daily service, and so on; but I can't stand this. This senseless, purposeless ostentation is too much

for me. I dare say that all my work among the London poor arose from an artificial and unhealthy state of mind, craving for excitement. I will give you in all that. But at all events one *did* do *some* good."

"You did a great deal."

"Then a great deal remains to be done. But I can't stand this. I see no chance of organizing any work here at present, and yesterday, while he was in his best mood, he told me that he intended going more into county society, and proposed going to the Reading Ball to begin with."

"That will never do for us, my dear," said Mrs. Silcote.

"It won't do for *me*. You and I are spoiled for that sort of thing. In London last year I was not introduced by any one; no one knew me or cared for me; but I had my little parties in Eaton Place, and Mr. —, caustic shrewd old man as he is, told me that they were in his opinion the pleasantest in London. The people who came were all people connected with the charities to which I subscribed. The queerest people you ever saw in your life: but so fresh, and so much in earnest. You have seen society?"

"From the still-room," said Mrs. Silcote. "But I know it. They little think how we know them and laugh at them too."

"Well, I have not seen society, and have never heard anything about it, until I came here, and returned the visits which the people have paid us since Silcote has turned respectable. And I don't like it. It seems to me such ghastly folly. They talk of nothing but where they were last, and where they are going next. Lady Burton asks me if I am going to the Newby Ball, and, when I tell her, in the quietest way, that I do not go to balls in Lent, she talks across me to Lady Turton, about who is likely to be there, and so on. I don't like your society."

"*This* is not society," said Mrs. Silcotes; "there is not a house within miles where you can meet a single person from the world. Believe the

still-room: there are county houses and country houses, my dear. You must not talk of county society or of country houses here. There are neither the one nor the other here. This is semi-detached villa society. *Some* one told me once that at a really good country house, in a part of the country strange to him, he, arriving late, as a stranger, knew nothing of the people who were there: but, getting confidential after dinner with the man who was next him, whom he took for a brother officer, found that he was the Secretary of State for Ireland, and that two other members of the Ministry were at the table. That is what society may be in the country. What it is here you have seen."

"It won't do," said Miss Lee.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Silcote. "My own brother is rebelling against this style of thing, and wishes he was back in the Crimea, or anywhere. And he is a very patient man. I have plagued him hard enough to know that. As you say, it won't do."

"We must get the old man abroad," said Miss Lee.

"Yes, if we can do it. He is a very difficult man, you know."

"Well, at all events this won't do," said Miss Lee. "I have got into that state of mind that I should like to sell my travelling bag and give the money to the poor; that is rather a Colney Hatch sort of notion, is it not? How on earth the man has gone on like this for forty years and kept out of Bedlam I can't conceive. However, I have one pilgrimage to make, and there, we *must* get him abroad. I shall not be long over it. How far is it to St. Mary's, and how does one get there?"

"Why do you want to go there?" asked Mrs. Silcote.

"To see my dear old master, Algernon Silcote: one of the finest gentlemen who ever lived. In the old times, cousin, when you were no richer than I was, that man did all he could for me. He gave me all he could afford—the wages of a housemaid; but he gave me with it a delicate respect which he would

not have given to the finest duchess in the land. Algernon Silcote's voice will never be heard in this world; he is a silent, long-enduring man."

"But you should have gone to him before," said Mrs. Silcote. "Why did you not?"

"Why did you bring me here? This foolish place, with its foolish routine, debauches every one: will spoil you in time if you don't take care. I ought to have gone to Algernon Silcote before, but who can do their duty in such an atmosphere as this? I believe, much as I honour and love him, that I should not go now, if it had not been for a somewhat impertinent letter, from that very impertinent little daughter of his, Dora" (Dora was much bigger than Miss Lee), "telling me that he was not well, and would be glad if I came to see him."

"You should not have waited for him to write, my dear," said Mrs. Silcote. "If we have gained nothing else from the High Church people, we have gained the habit of examining motives. You have been to blame."

"I acknowledge it," said Miss Lee. "You are right. But you brought me into this atmosphere of frivolity and neglect of duty, and so don't you see that the blame rests on your shoulders after all?"

"I thought you gave us some remarks about what you called 'sparring' a month ago?"

"So I did; but you see how your evil example has told on me. Well, I will go at once."

She went at once. She was not long gone: only three days. Mrs. Silcote had spent these three days in battling with the Squire about the propriety of their going abroad. The Squire, who was in one of those unaccountable moods in which men who act from illogical, inexplicable sentiment, do occasionally find themselves, was enraged at her proposing to him the very thing he had set his heart on doing. He said that he would be somethinged if he gave way to any such feminine folly. He wanted to know if she was mad; she

said she wasn't, and he said that he wasn't sure about that. She said that, as far as she had observed, he was not sure about anything. He asked did she want to insult him? She said that she would take time before she answered that. Then he asked her if she wanted to drive him mad, to which she answered that he didn't want much driving. He asked her whether Berkshire society was not good enough for her, and she said No; that she had a foolish fancy for interchanging ideas with reasonable beings. He asked her what the deuce she wanted to go abroad for; she answered, to clear his brains. He asked her was not Silcotes good enough for her, and she answered not half good enough. Then he reverted to his original proposition, that he would see them all further first, and immediately afterwards began to think whether he had not better get a new port-manteau.

Silcote and his daughter-in-law, however, had their two tongues going at one another in the very way against which Miss Lee had warned them. They were sitting over the fire in the hall, with the stupid great dogs round them, when there came in the young footman who was James's friend, and they stopped their sparring.

Crimson plush breeches and white stockings, grey coat and brass buttons, with the Silcote crest on them, if you could see it. The figure of the lad disguised in this way, and on the face of the honest young lad, undisguisable by plush breeches or brass buttons, or any other antiquated ostentatious nonsense whatever, the great broad word "disaster" written in unmistakeable characters.

Mrs. Silcote saw it at once, and rose. The Squire, nursing his ill temper, and framing repartees for his daughter-in-law which he never uttered, saw nothing of it. The footman, with disaster written on his face, only said—

"You are wanted in the housekeeper's room, ma'am."

"Was it her son?" she kept saying as she followed the footman; but she *knew* it was not. When she got to the house-

keeper's room she found only the house-keeper, her brother, and Miss Lee.

"Why have you come home secretly like this, my dear?" she said. "Something has happened: I saw it in George's face."

"Something has happened, and you must break it to Silcote. That is why I came in secretly and sent for you," said Miss Lee.

"Do you come from Algernon?"

"I do."

"Is he very ill? Is he worse?"

"Algernon is dead! Died last night. I got there too late to see him, and you must break it to —. God save us—James Sugden, go to her. She is going to faint, and she knows you best. Catch her."

James Sugden was ready to catch his sister if she had fallen, but there was no sign of falling about her. When Miss Lee told her dreadful news, Mrs. Silcote had put her two hands up to her head, and had turned round. The only effect was that she had loosened a great cascade of silver hair, and, with that falling over her shoulders, she turned round deadly pale.

"Dead! and with that wicked lie burnt into his noble heart! To die so! And we dawdling and fretting here! Dead! This is beyond measure terrible!"

CHAPTER XLI.

UNTIL ONE PERSON AT ALL EVENTS GETS
NO BENEFIT FROM THEM.

THE spring was cold, late, and wild. The north-east wind had settled down on the land, and had parched it up into a dryness more hard and more cruel than that of the longest summer drought. The crocuses came up, but they withered; the anemones bloomed, but could not colour; the streams got low, and left the winter's mud to stagnate into zymotic diseases by the margin; the wheat got yellow; the old folks, whose time was overdue, took to dying, and the death-rate in

London went up from 1,700 odd to 1,900 odd.

Death, anxious to make up his tale, in anticipation of the healthy summer which was sure to follow on this dry bitter north-easterly spring, garnered all he could. The old folks who were due to him he took as a matter of course. Threescore and ten was his watchword, and, for those who obstinately persisted in fourscore, he hung out foolish scarecrows of old friends younger than they who were dead before them; which scarecrows were in the main laughed to scorn by such of the old folks as lived in the strength of Christ and his victory.

He began to gather children with bronchitis, a sad number,—children whom, if one dare say anything on such a subject, had better have been left; then drunkards, into whose rotten lungs the north-east wind had got—men who were best dead. Then to the houses of ill-fame, where some slept and dreamt that they were picking cow-slips in the old meadows, and awoke to find that they were dying utterly deserted, with only a wicked old woman to see them die. Then to the houses of the rich, driving them with their precious ones to Bournemouth or Torquay, and following them there inexorably, till the lately blooming and busy matron became only a wild wan woman, walking up and down, and bewailing her firstborn, or the rose of the family. Old Death made up his tale that month, and the Registrar General acknowledged it in the *Times* duly; but he need not have gone picking about here and there to make up his number. Were not the French, the Austrians, and the Italians grinning at one another with a grin which meant a noble harvest for him? Could he not have waited two months?

And of all places to descend on, for the making up of his number, St. Mary's Hospital! "The healthiest situation," said loud-mouthed Betts, "in all England." Why, yes. A very healthy situation, but old Death came there too. The death-rate had disappointed his

expectations, one would think, for he was picking up victims wherever he could. And he picked up one life which Betts and Dora thought was worth all the others put together.

The buildings at St. Mary's had never properly dried, for Betts's work was all hurried—"Brummagem," if you will forgive slang; and the lake had got very much dried up, and reeked a little at night-time at the edges. St. Mary's-the-New was *not* built on the healthiest site in Hampshire. If Betts had consulted a man with some knowledge of physical science, he would have learnt this. On those Bagshot Sands an isolated piece of undrained clay means scarlet fever.¹ Still, clay is good for foundations. Consequently this site for the new St. Mary's Hospital had been selected on an unhealthy and isolated piece of clay, which lay in the bosom of the healthful gravel, a little above the lakes. We have no more to do with it than what follows: a scarlet fever tragedy in a school or a training-ship is not any part of our story.

It was the Easter vacation. Arthur, the head-master, had gone away; and the rumours among the servants coincided in one point,—that he had had a fit, and that Mr. Algernon had "found him in it," and persuaded him to go abroad. Also the rumours coincided in the report that he had resigned his post; and furthermore, in the fact that Mrs. Morgan was not coming back any more.

The cloisters, the corridors, and the chapel were empty and silent. The ripple on the lake went always one way, westward, before the easterly wind, and the lake itself was low in the spring drought, and the bare shores exhaled an unhealthy smell.

There were no signs of spring to be seen about St. Mary's. Among heather and Scotch fir woods the seasons show scarcely any change at all, save twice in the year. The clay land, which will bear deciduous trees, shows changes

almost innumerable. From the first beautiful purple bloom which comes over the woods when the elm is blossoming into catkins; through the vivid green of the oak of early May; through the majestic yet tender green of June; through the bright flush of the fresh Midsummer shoot; through the quiet peaceful green of summer; through the fantastic reds and yellows of autumn; on again to the calm greys of winter, sometimes silvered with frost and snow;—Nature in the heavier and more cultivable soils paints a never-ending succession of colour studies. And with the aid of changes on the surface of the soil itself; with flowers in their succession; with the bursting green of hedges; with meadows brimful of lush green grass; with grey mown fields; with the duller green of the lattermath; with corn, with clover, with a hundred other fantastic tricks, she, with atmospheric effects, makes these colour studies so wonderfully numerous, that they appear as inexhaustible in their variety as games at chess; otherwise, what would become of the landscape painter?

But in these "heath countries" she only flashes into gaudy colours twice: that is to say, when the braken springs in the hollows, and where the ling blooms on the hill. At other times she keeps to the same sombre, seasonless, Australianesque colouring; sombre masses of undeciduous fir woodland, and broad stretches of brown heath.

Algernon, looking out of the window, said to Dora,—

"Spring must be showing somewhere else, in spite of this easterly wind, but there is no spring showing here. I don't like this place."

"I hope you don't," said Dora. "I should think very little of you if you did: but I console myself with the idea that I was right in thinking, from the very first, that you never would. I hate it."

"I thought you liked it at first, my dear," said Algernon. "Why do you hate it now?"

"We are all foolish sometimes, but

¹ Diphtheria also and other diseases of this class; at least, so I have been told by a doctor who has worked among them for twenty years.

I hate it now. It is full of boys, and I hate boys," said she.

"But the boys are not here now."

"I know, but the whole place smells of them. And boys smell like sawdust when they are collected in sufficient numbers. And this place smells as sawdusty as ever it can smell."

"It is the smell of building, my love," said Algernon.

"It may be the building, or it may be the boys, but I know that I hate the building, and I hate the boys."

"But you liked James Sugden, now, as it turns out, James Silcote, and as it appears, your cousin."

"No, I didn't like him," said Dora, "I loved him, which is quite a different matter: and love him still. Next to you I love him better than any one in the world. And I hate boys."

"A good lad. But you never objected to the boys in Lancaster Square?"

"There were not enough of them together, I suppose. You could know them individually, too; I liked Dempster, for instance. You can't know boys here, and, collected together, they very much brutalize one another. The house in Lancaster Square never smelt nice, I allow. If they had been long enough in it to make the place smell of sawdust, the smell of roast mutton from the kitchen—which if you remember was permanent, and not to be put down by the smell of any other cookery—would have extinguished it. But we never ought to have left Lancaster Square."

"And why, again, Dora?"

"Because we have lost everything. Mr. Betts was tolerable while you were his patron; now he is yours his vulgar old nature is re-asserting itself, and he is getting intolerable again. He *was* grateful to you, and I daresay thinks that he is now. But he patronizes you openly. And when I see him doing that I long to slap his face."

"My dear Dora! You are unladylike, my child."

"I daresay. Yet I was trained in my manners by one of the first ladies in the land. By Miss Lee, for instance,

with her carriage and pair, and her grooms and footmen, and her house in Eaton Place, and her falallallies generally. You naturally urge that Miss Lee at the time she was condescending enough to undertake my education was getting herself taught chants by Uncle Arthur in the square, in the dark, not to mention talking with the policeman in the gutter; and had not as yet set up in the business of fine lady. I allow that you are right. She certainly had *not*. But there is no appeal from her now."

"You must curb that shrewd little tongue of yours, my darling, my only friend, my best beloved."

"Let it run one moment more, father, only one moment. It never told a lie, and it shall be dead, as far as its shrewdness is concerned, towards you at least, for ever. There is another reason why you ought never to have come here."

"And that?"

Out of her prompt little soul came her prompt little answer; though that answer was never given in words. In one moment she had remembered his debts and his failing health, and had determined not to say what was on her tongue. What was on her tongue was in effect this. That, having committed himself to extreme High Church formulas, he had lost prestige by retreating from an outpost like Camden Town, and coming into a scholastic society like St. Mary's, half, or more than half, mediæval in its ways, where he could do as he liked without criticism. She, with her shrewd sharp little Protestant intellect, utterly disagreed with his convictions about ecclesiastical matters (to make short work of it); but she, like a regular little woman, disliked her father having deserted the post of honour, though she thought he was fighting on the wrong side. She thought all this, but she promptly determined to say nothing about it, and held her tongue, as far as he was concerned.

She only said, "I suppose I am foolish in taking you out for a walk, for your throat is very queer, and you have been talking too much."

"I think you have done the main of the talking, my love," said Algernon.

"Never mind that. And don't get into that wretched habit of arguing, and being sharp, and twisting words to mean what they never were intended to mean. Creation is divided into two great classes,—Silcotes, bantams, and donkeys for one; the rest of creation for the other. Now I will take you out for a walk, my dear, my best of all men, and we will get out of this brown desert, and into cultivated land, and we will see spring together, in spite of the east wind."

"Silcotes, bantams, and donkeys, are the first division of the animal creation, are they?" said Algernon to Dora, while he was wrapping himself up. "You belong to the first division, my love."

"In every respect?" said Dora.

"In every respect," said Algernon.

"Come away, and we will find some primroses," said Dora. And so they went away towards the distant fields and hedgerows, across the brown undrained moorland.

Do you want a harrowing death-bed

scene? I hope not. I have seen too many to venture to describe one. Poor old Algernon came back to St. Mary's choking with bronchitis, aggravated by the new cold he had caught hunting primroses in the distant hedgerows with Dora, and died. The last articulate words he spoke through the choking phlegm were these: "I must write a letter before I die."

And Dora, with grief and consternation in her heart, but with all her brave nerve about her, was able for the occasion. She put the writing materials on the bed, and, although he could not speak, his mind was clear and his hand steady, until he choked and died of suffocation, leaving the letter for her to read.

It went thus—

"MY FATHER,—I used harsh and cruel words to you once on this miserable matter of my mother's honour. I humbly ask your forgiveness. Believing as you did the wicked lie, you could hardly have acted otherwise. But give the rest of your life to clearing the matter up.—ALGERNON."

To be continued.

LIBERAL EDUCATION.

THE advantages resulting from the Public School Commission, whatever may be the fate of the Bill founded on its report, can hardly be too highly estimated; and will be found to have extended far beyond the sphere within which their examination was confined. For some time past almost all observant critics standing outside the system they surveyed, and a respectable minority of those engaged in carrying on the system, have strongly felt and persistently urged the necessity of a complete reform in our higher education. The report of the Commissioners, while it did not shake the well-deserved confidence which has long been felt in the moral results of the discipline of public schools,

spread far and wide that deep dissatisfaction with their intellectual results which had hitherto been confined to a few. The public attention, turned critically upon the schools, could not stop there: but passed naturally on to the universities, which complete, and to a very considerable extent control, their work. Here again the moral results were, on the whole, reassuring. In Mr. Carlyle's words (written many years ago), "so valuable are the rules of human behaviour, which from of old have tacitly established themselves there: so manifold with all its sad drawbacks is the style of English character—frank, simple, rugged, and yet courteous— which has tacitly, but imperatively,

"got itself sanctioned and prescribed "there." But the warmest admirer of these ancient seats of learning is forced to speak of their intellectual aspect in much colder terms; and the comparatively meagre results of the large sums spent upon liberal studies there, has become a commonplace with the critics who undertake the ungrateful task of making periodic inroads on our national self-complacency.

We are not surprised, then, to discover frequent indications that educational reform is active at present. Some of the public schools are endeavouring, *proprio motu*, to carry into effect the Commissioners' recommendations. In this necessarily tentative process each is watching the other's experiments with much interest, and the consequent communication of ideas cannot fail to be beneficial to all. The advocates of natural science have recently pressed their case in the form (now becoming fashionable) of a series of essays. The University of Cambridge, not long ago, seems to have made an effort to shake off the reproach of sending forth the majority of its students with the knowledge of indifferently-taught schoolboys; and more lately a proposal to alter the character of the classical examination there has produced a lively skirmish of pamphlets, of which a summary was given in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1866. As another sign of the times we may refer to an eloquent address delivered by Mr. Farrar, at the Royal Institution, "On some Defects in our Public School Education," and the eager interest with which it has been received.

In this state of public feeling Mr. Mill's lecture before the University of St. Andrews, which would under any circumstances have been read with interest, is likely to attract more than usual attention. Mr. Mill's manner of thought, essentially patient and deliberate, and lucid and pointed because it is patient and deliberate, is particularly suited to a subject where commonplaces lie as thick as dust on old books, and where the importance of any statement chiefly depends on the care with which

it is limited. His occasion or inclination led him only to deal with the question *what* ought to be taught; he avoided for the most part the subordinate, but even more difficult, questions, *how, when, to whom* it ought to be taught. We gather, however, that the large scheme of study which he has unfolded is, at least ideally, to be comprehended in the instruction of an individual mind. This is indeed involved in our idea of a scheme of liberal education. Mr. Mill defends the comprehensiveness of his system; and replies to the obvious objections to it by putting very forcibly the distinction between limited and superficial knowledge—two things often confounded. And we are inclined to agree with him that an intelligent youth of normal mind—that is, with no marked natural bias to or from any particular study—and able to procure the best kind of instruction, might profitably have studied, by the time he leaves the university, Latin, Greek, mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology, psychology, logic, political economy, jurisprudence, being at the same time not unacquainted with history, modern languages, and the development of ethical and religious opinions. The list is long enough to take away the breath of a respectable academic Conservative. But let any one reflect on the large amount of time now wasted at school and college, and the really considerable amount of knowledge on a variety of subjects (including one or two useless accomplishments) which is now attained by a few: let him suppose that the subjects are taken at the best period, taught by the best methods, and the range of reading in each carefully selected and limited; surely the execution of such a scheme will no longer seem quite Utopian. There is not one of the subjects we have named of which a cultivated man, who is ignorant, does not regret his ignorance; and how few of them, if neglected till practical life commences, can be mastered during the intervals of leisure which such a life allows? There are two reasons for choosing a subject to form a part of an educational system:

first, that it affords the best training at an early age for important mental faculties; secondly, that it is a subject on which a man is sure to think in some manner or other, and on which if left to himself he is very likely to go on indefinitely thinking in a confused and superficial manner. One at least of these two reasons may be urged for each study included in Mr. Mill's scheme; the former reason applies especially to the earlier studies, and the latter to the more mature.

The principal objection brought against taking such a scheme, even for an ideal, is a very plausible one, and is frequently urged by men whose opinions from their eminence in special lines of study have deserved weight. It depends upon a not unnatural confusion between study as a part of education and study as a profession. The professional student is nothing if he is not a discoverer. He finds that if he wishes to be a discoverer he cannot safely be ignorant of the minutest detail in the region where his discovery is to be made; while he may often safely neglect the most ordinary and obvious knowledge outside that region. His ruling impulse (setting personal motives aside) is not the love of knowledge ("la curiosité pure," as M. Renan calls it), but the desire of creating, producing, akin to the motive of the artist, or even of the practical man. No doubt there are many professors of specialities who are most comprehensive students, and whose intellectual nature seems to require the alternation of expansive with concentrated thought; but there are many whose interest seems always to have been special; and many others whose general curiosity seems to have been withered by their professional ardour. Some professional study, again, is necessarily comprehensive, and requires a man to have some knowledge of a great variety of subjects; but as the division of intellectual as well as other labour is steadily increasing, the number of students who have to take a very small part of learning for their profession is always growing larger.

Now education—at any rate, academic

education—is naturally and properly committed to professional students. They have enthusiasm; and in education (perhaps alone of all social functions) no soundness of judgment will compensate for enthusiasm, and scarcely any unsoundness outweigh its advantages. But it is all the more necessary to counteract any erroneous bias to which they may as a class be liable. And there will be many among them whose idea of educating a promising youth will be to bind him apprentice, as it were, to their own speciality, to teach him the methods that they themselves practise, and the results with that minuteness of detail which it has been their own duty and pleasure to attain. They will not care exactly to measure the amount of attention he is to devote to that on which they ungrudgingly lavish a lifetime; they will hardly be brought to set much value in a pupil on a degree of knowledge they would consider contemptible in a colleague.

The truth is, however, that not only is it possible, as Mr. Mill (after Archbishop Whately) urges, to have a general knowledge which shall not be a superficial knowledge; "to know only the leading truths of a subject, but to know these thoroughly, so as to have a true conception of it in its general features:" not only is there a line in every subject to be approximately fixed where liberal study ends and professional begins; but it is of the highest importance for a man's ultimate mental development that he should learn early to distinguish between the two. When we try to take an intelligent interest in what is around us, outside our peculiar sphere of action, a mass of details is poured upon us from all sides; unless we learn to distinguish the important from the unimportant, unless we learn what to observe and what to neglect, what to retain and what to forget, our information remains a casual congeries of continually shifting minutiae: we are always helplessly grasping at a stream of sand. To avoid this we ought to be practised in various methods of dealing with a subject, that we may apply to it

the more exhaustive if time and circumstances permit, and if not the less exhaustive. This versatility of treatment is an art, to the acquisition of which legal practice tends: a lawyer knows how to value thorough knowledge, and he knows how to make the best of knowledge that is not thorough: hence a lawyer with a taste for general culture can make a singularly efficient use of very scanty opportunities.

We do not believe, then, that a comprehensive scheme of properly limited studies would be very difficult to devise and carry out with minds of tolerably even balance and development; and we believe that by such a system such minds would be in the highest sense of the word liberally educated: educated, that is, for the highest kind of human life. But the educator has not to deal with this class of minds alone, but with several other classes at the same time; each of which seems to require a separate treatment to a certain extent: the great difficulty lies in deciding to how great an extent. He has to deal with youths of naturally special predilections and capacities (the one generally, but not universally, accompanying the other), or with special dislikes and incapacities, or with both combined; and he has to decide whether the principle of indulging or that of disciplining such deviations from the normal type is the sounder generally, and in each particular case practicable. He has to decide whether for intellects of inferior calibre the diminution of the amount to be learnt should be extensive or intensive: what subjects should be entirely dropped, and what should be still further limited: and how far the selection should be different, according as the professions differ for which the youths are preparing. For instance, the study of Greek seems appropriate for a clergyman, and natural sciences form a suitable introduction to medicine; but it may be plausibly urged that, in order to counteract their probable professional bias, the clergyman ought to study physiology and the doctor ethics. These and many similar questions continually force themselves upon

us in our schools and universities. They will keep reappearing as we discuss the details of such a scheme as we have described, which we shall presently do.

It will at once illustrate what we have said, and prepare the way for what we have to say, if we consider the theory and practice of our two principal universities—what they aim at accomplishing and what they actually accomplish. It is apparent to any one acquainted with Oxford and Cambridge that their respective systems are founded on very distinct fundamental conceptions. Not only are the shortcomings of Oxford and Cambridge in many respects different, but in order to bring Oxford and Cambridge educators to acknowledge their respective shortcomings, different methods of argument have to be used. The aim of Oxford has always been to impart a complete liberal education—to prepare her students as far as she knew how for the highest human life. The tendency to specialization of study has always existed there, as it is sure to exist in every corporation of students, but it has never become the dominant educational influence. At Cambridge the pretence of giving a complete education has been long abandoned. The aim of Cambridge is to teach "one thing well," leaving the work of adding the other things necessary or desirable for man to know to natural instincts, social influences, or the care of Providence. It is true that this principle is applied in practice only to the candidates for honours: in the reading of the other students there has always been more variety, and this variety has recently been still further increased. But this fact—a singular inversion of what might have been expected—only confirms our view of the spirit of the place. The inferior students, the idle, stupid, or ill-trained, Cambridge contemptuously abandons to the principle of comprehensiveness. As they cannot learn one thing well, they may be allowed to learn many things badly.

So far then we should expect that the result of the Cambridge system would be to send out into the world for the

most part keenly and vigorously, but very imperfectly developed, minds; while producing a certain number of eminent students by profession. We should expect her academic renown to be greater, her educational and social influence less than that of Oxford. The second part of this expectation has certainly been realized. The most ardent advocate of Cambridge could not deny that Oxford occupies, and has long occupied, a far larger place in the thought and imagination of the country. The first part we find also realized to a certain extent, and it would no doubt be realized to a much larger extent if the splendid prizes that Cambridge offers for study were bestowed upon an even tolerably rational system. If, both in Cambridge and Oxford, a fraction of the enormous rewards bestowed on youthful industry was employed in encouraging maturer study (while the educational system remained unchanged), it would be Cambridge rather than Oxford that we should expect soon to rival the universities of Germany.

The difference we are dwelling upon depends only in part on express ordinances of either university, and will not be entirely seen by comparing the examination papers set in each. Oxford has special examinations in mathematics and natural sciences as well as Cambridge, and the time at which students of special subjects are allowed to branch off from each other does not very materially differ. The difference is best observed by studying the public opinion in the two universities, the practical results of this public opinion as seen in the college elections to fellowships, and the results of these again in influencing the reading of the majority of men. At Oxford there obtains a clear conception of a normal course of study to be set before most men who intend to read for honours, and exceptional courses for men of exceptional needs, predilections, and prospects. It is probably true that these exceptional courses are not sufficiently encouraged by rewards; and we shall endeavour to show that the normal course is not as comprehensive

as it ought to be, and that some of the subjects taught in it might be taught in a better way. Still the general idea of the two kinds of study and of the sort of relation that ought to exist between the two, seems to us thoroughly sound. At Cambridge, this idea does not exist at all, and we see very little prospect of its being introduced. The notion of toleration at University College, London, is supposed to be a balance of conflicting sectarianisms: so the notion of liberal education at Cambridge is a balance of conflicting specialities.

The fundamental defect of the Oxford course lies in the exaggerated neglect of the more definite branches of study in favour of the less definite. The number of students who make a *métier* of mathematics might well be larger: the amount of mathematics known by the average of even the more intelligent students could not conceivably be less. A man may, no doubt, have very highly developed artistic and practical faculties combined with an absolute incapacity for mathematics; but before he attempts a single step in philosophy, before he begins to theorize about mental powers and abstract reasoning, he should have studied this, the most irrefragable evidence of man's highest mental power, the most conclusive example of what can be done by abstract reasoning. Before he attempts the problems with which the human mind is still militant, he should understand the processes by which it has been triumphant. A considerable modicum of mathematical knowledge should be—we do not say *exacted* from every candidate for academic distinction—but seriously urged upon him as extremely important to acquire, the absence of which should be regarded as a grave defect in a man claiming to be well-educated, only to be compensated by pre-eminent excellence in some other department. The University of Cambridge, in the division of its final mathematical examination, seems to have drawn the line extremely well between mathematics considered as a general and as a special study. The first portion of this examination includes

pretty nearly what we think every educated man ought to know—the elementary portion, that is, of both pure and applied mathematics—plane geometry, algebra, trigonometry, mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy. A person well grounded in these subjects, together with some knowledge of elementary chemistry, would have a sufficient appreciation of the mastery, as it is called, of mind over matter, both from the subjective and the objective side. With regard to the majority of these subjects, the University, if mathematics held their proper place in schools, would rather have to see that they had been taught than to teach them.

We find somewhat of this disregard of the advantages of definiteness in the treatment of the philosophical subjects that come later in the Oxford course. It is impossible, in the present state of thought, to map out with perfect distinctness the different departments of mental philosophy; but it seems best to treat this subject under the two heads of Logic and Psychology, each of these being, as far as possible, defined so as to exclude metaphysics proper. This last we should regard, even more than the higher mathematics, as the study of an exceptional few; and it usually draws to it, by an overpowering attraction, those few who are capable of studying it with advantage. The metaphysician, as much as the poet, is born, not made; and perhaps the best thing that can be given him by his educators, even with a view to his success in his special line, is careful instruction in the more ascertained and settled truths respecting the mind, its processes and results, which ought to form part of a general course of education. Oxford has adopted the time-honoured division into Logic and Ethics, instead of the one we propose. Now the psychological side of ethics—the analysis of the moral sentiments—would naturally be treated as a branch of psychology; and the teaching of systematic ethics, in the present state of thought, must resolve itself into the teaching of the history of ethical opinion. It may be doubted whether this, any

more than the history of philosophical opinion in general, though it ought certainly to be taught professionally in every university, can conveniently be made a subject of examination. It is too large to deal with exhaustively, and, if otherwise treated, it tends to overtax the memory and merely receptive powers, and to encourage the repetition of half-understood phrases. With regard, again, to political philosophy, Oxford does not seem to give to the more scientific branch of it—the economic—the special attention which it deserves. Political economy is (if we except certain portions of mathematics) probably the best instrument that can be found for training the maturer mind. The elements of it can be taught briefly, definitely, thoroughly, and so that the least superficiality or confusion of thought in the learner shall be instantly exposed.

We have reserved till the last a most fundamental question in estimating the intrinsic merits of the Oxford system—namely, whether any or all of the above-mentioned subjects should be taught wholly or in part by means of Greek textbooks, and in connexion with Greek or Latin literature. This involves of course the previous question—whether Greek and Latin literature should be taught at all, as a part of general education. We have purposely reserved this point, because, in spite of its great practical importance in this particular age and country, in spite of the prominence it will necessarily retain for some time in all educational discussion, it seems to us to be in theory a comparatively subordinate question. We are all agreed that there should be *some* literary element in general education; that our youth should be led to study carefully *some* masterpieces of poetry and prose, partly for culture of taste, and partly for example of style. We are nearly all agreed that classical literature, partly from historical reasons and partly from its intrinsic merits (which have found a powerful, and to some perhaps unexpected, advocate in Mr. Mill) is best adapted for this purpose. But the superiority which a selection of Greek and

Latin authors has over a selection of English, French, German, and Italian authors, is one not of kind, but of degree. The same educational function which is fulfilled by the former could be tolerably but not equally well performed by the latter. And if it were at all necessary that classical literature, to be properly taught, should occupy the disproportionate space it does at present in our higher education (a space of which the disproportionateness reaches its acme, and becomes simply monstrous, in the course now begun at Eton and ended at Cambridge), to the wholesale exclusion of the more solid and important parts of education, we should think its advantages much more than counterbalanced, and unhesitatingly call for its total exclusion. But we are disposed to think with Mr. Mill that the disease does not demand so violent a remedy, if only one or two great and useless excrescences could be pared away. We must admit the experiment is still to be tried, and that probably in no place of education at present are Latin and Greek so taught as not to absorb more time and energy than ought fairly to be allotted to them. But the grammatical study of the ancient authors, which must precede their literary appreciation, is peculiarly adapted to fill the period in a boy's life that necessarily elapses before the capacity for mathematics or physical science becomes vigorous. Before fifteen, speaking roughly, although a boy should have been carefully initiated into geometry and algebra, and the sciences of observation, he will usually have found the former somewhat wearisome, and been rather disposed to play with the latter. It is probable that the most close and scientific study in which he can be brought to take interest in this earlier period is the practical analysis of language, which he will perform in learning Latin or Greek. And if grammar were rationally taught, and not as an elaborately pedantic *memoria technica*; if the authors read were carefully selected for their ease and interest, and taught by one who could feel and communicate their

literary charm; if the time spent in the daily treadmill of verse composition were saved, before sixteen, at any rate, the task of reading Latin and Greek might become so far a pleasure, that it would afford a certain relaxation amid the severer studies, which would then claim a larger share of attention. No doubt a considerable need of care and sense of effort would still mingle with the literary enjoyment; but it is to be hoped that before long our youth will be made to feel that in the most familiar language a consummate artist cannot be properly appreciated without a care and effort, which ultimately form an element in and enhance the pleasure. If the habit of thus seeking literary pleasure had once taken root in a boy, it would not require very many hours a week of study to enable him to extend gradually his vocabulary and knowledge of usage; those hours would be easily spared, and cheerfully bestowed. If habits of accuracy had been formed in him (and a boy who does not know before sixteen what it is to be accurate will not learn afterwards), his errors would gradually eliminate themselves by a natural self-corrective process, and classical study might quietly drop into the subordinate place it ought henceforward to hold. This result will seem ridiculously Utopian to the enthusiastic supporters of our present system; but we earnestly recommend them to devote their energies without delay to devising practical means for attaining it. If, and in so far as, it is impossible, Greek and Latin are doomed to be discarded, and we shall have to get the best substitute that we can out of French and German. Under any circumstances the substitute will probably have to be adopted in the case of the large number of boys the state of whose faculties or prospects renders it desirable that they should leave school early, and not proceed to the universities; and of the smaller number, who combine with real talent in other directions, a special incapacity for or dislike of linguistic analysis.

For a more vivid and detailed account of what requires to be reformed in the

methods of classical education, we would refer our readers to Mr. Farrar's pamphlet. His language is perhaps more eloquent than discriminative, but we believe that it is substantially true, and that it will be heartily echoed by educators in all quarters, even in the very centres of educational conservation. The efforts of the nine head-masters to produce a common grammar have at least had the advantage of rousing an eager examination and discussion of the principles of grammatical teaching which cannot fail to bear fruit. We hope that some compromise will be effected between the Hamiltonian method, which goes too far in an opposite direction, and the repulsive pedantry of the present system. The question of reducing verse composition seems, from the above-mentioned article in the *Contemporary Review*, to have been recently agitated at Cambridge. But reduction will not do: total abolition is necessary. It must be clearly laid down that the writing of Greek and Latin verses is no part of the essential functions of a classical scholar, but an elegant relaxation in which he may from time to time occasionally indulge.

Sydney Smith long ago remarked that the advocates of Latin verses seemed to claim peculiar privileges not granted to the supporters of any other human institution; in the case of everything else it was necessary to prove that the good it did was proportioned to the time and trouble spent upon it: but it was thought a sufficient answer to an attack on Latin verses, if it was proved that they did any good whatsoever. The most plausible arguments in their favour are contradicted by the experience of any one who has learnt any other language besides Greek and Latin, and by the universal practice pursued in learning the numerous other difficult languages that are now eagerly and profoundly studied. It is said that the accomplishment gives an appreciation and comprehension of poetical beauty which could not be otherwise acquired. We should like to know what ardent admirer of Arabic or Persian poetry

ever dreamt of this method of increasing his appreciation. This argument really mistakes effect for cause. It is true that some persons, when anything appeals strongly to their sense of beauty, have a certain impulse to produce things like it. But they do not admire because they imitate, they imitate because they admire. It is said, again, that a proper knowledge of Latin metre and quantity can be only acquired by writing Latin verses; and this argument is often used by persons who would be entirely unable to explain the structure of many English metres. The fact is, that all that a boy now comes to understand of Greek and Latin quantity could be taught just as well by taking proper care with his reading aloud, and putting into his hands at the right time a few pages of rules. It is said that he has his general taste and artistic faculty cultivated by this process, as he might by learning to draw; but the parallel fails, because here he has during many years to be content with, and even to pride himself upon, a radically vicious style of composition; he learns to acquiesce in phrases that only half express his meaning, to insert epithets that he knows are not needed, to ape mannerisms clumsily, to take delight in fragments of borrowed ornament. The teacher is helpless to correct these vices; they are the straw without which the tale of bricks cannot be completed. Even assuming that a boy is to be taught to write poetry, this way of doing it is as perverse as it would be to teach an artist to draw with his toes, like the ingenious gentleman in Antwerp Cathedral.

A wit once said that there never was an abuse that had not at least one good argument in its favour. The best that we have been able to find for this practice is, that certain boys, in certain phases of their intellectual development, are in fact more stimulated by verse-composition than by any other work, and that this stimulus is the only way of delivering them from apathy. But if this be true it argues a deplorable failure elsewhere in system or teacher.

It is by the love of knowledge and literary gratification that we should wish to stimulate a boy's ardour, and fill his imagination; the imitative instinct is dangerously easy to over-cultivate, and may well be left to slumber a little longer. And even assuming that there are a few boys (there are certainly not more) in whose case it is desirable not entirely to discard this stimulus, it could be quite sufficiently retained by giving prizes for any really praiseworthy compositions, prizes for which the competition should be quite unconstrained.

We have almost dwelt too long on this single abuse, so universally condemned by enlightened public opinion. We are convinced that it is dying; our only fear is, lest before it dies the time for renovating classical education should pass, and the whole system be swept away in a burst of misdirected indignation. Let us now go back to the point from which we digressed. Assuming that classics maintains its place as the literary element in our general education, ought philosophy to be studied, to the extent that it is at Oxford, through the medium of Plato and Aristotle? Of course, the Oxford system at present represents the results of historical growth rather than anybody's conviction as to what is intrinsically desirable. Aristotle has been handed down from remote ages, and the only changes introduced have been additions. New books have been superadded to the old in the reading of the students, and new questions in the examination. The objections to the practice are obvious. Unless we deny that there has been any progress since the time of Aristotle in mental science, there is a strong *prima facie* argument against using his books to teach mental science. Even if the difference between the new and the old be not (as in the case of physical science) the difference between truth and error, it is still the difference between a better and a worse, a clearer and a more confused statement. Of course, the works of a man of philosophical genius (and Aristotle's can hardly be exaggerated) will always have the deep-

est interest for the professional student, however erroneous or confused much of his thought may be. And we are disposed to think that in metaphysics proper the modern world has yet something to learn from a real comprehension of his speculations. But this is scarcely the case in the branches we call Logic and Psychology; and, at the same time, these subjects are much too difficult for a learner to make it desirable to add to their difficulty by giving him first an unsatisfactory or obscure exposition in the text, and then a correction or explanation of this in a commentary, not to mention numerous exegetical puzzles. We should be inclined, therefore, to confine the "Analytics" and the "De Animâ" to the library of the professional student.

On the other hand it is a very incomplete idea of the literature of a country which does not include its deeper thought; and, moreover, the style and manner of Plato and Aristotle possess the highest literary merit,—that of communicating intellectual enthusiasm. Aristotle charms as well as instructs those who come thoroughly to understand him; and Plato even those who do not. And further, a portion of their speculations—the ethical and political portion—is not merely interesting as an element in the history of philosophy, but also as an element in Greek history: it enables us to understand in a way we cannot do from all the rest of the literature, excluding these speculations, what kind of people the Greeks were. We think, therefore, that these works should certainly be included in the study of Greek literature; and, being included, care should be taken that they are properly understood. Nor are there the same objections to the use of these books as instruments for teaching ethics and politics that we found in the case of logic and psychology. The principles of ethics lie still involved in doubt and conflict; the best thing that can be done for the learner is to let him see the problems forcibly stated, and impress him vividly with the difficulties

of the subject. This will be more effectually done, *ceteris paribus*, the more remote the age and country, the more utterly diverse the habits and associations of the thinker to whose opinions he is introduced. Somewhat the same may be said of politics : moreover the study of politics (assuming that political economy is taken as a separate subject) should be connected with history ; and, even if our choice of ancient literature did not carry with it the choice of ancient history as the portion to be studied in our general course, the existence of such a work as Aristotle's "Politics" would go some way to render such a choice desirable. Perhaps no book that could be read in connexion with modern history is equal to it, frag-

mentary as it is, for close analysis of the elements of social and political life.

There are many other points that we should like to discuss, especially the adjustment of the relations, both at school and at college, of the different kinds of education that ought, we conceive, to exist side by side. But our limits compel us to stop. In what we have said we may have seemed to be dogmatic ; but our desire has only been to give a clear and definite conception. There is more agreement now than there was thirty years ago as to the educational ideal which reformers should set before them, but discussion is still revealing continually fundamental differences, which only further discussion can remove.

CHARLES LAMB : GLEANINGS AFTER HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

THE life of Lamb is a subject which many have attempted, and in which no one, as it seems to us, has been very happy. We do not get at the man in any of these pen-and-ink paintings ; and that is precisely what we should wish to get at. They are as unsatisfactory as his portraits, which are all unlike one another, and none of them very like the original. All that has been done hitherto in this direction has helped, more or less, to swell the stock of materials, with which somebody hereafter will have to do his best. We must be thankful to Mr. Barry Cornwall for his "Recollections ;" and the late Mr. Justice Talfourd laid the world under obligations, to a certain extent, by the "Memorials" which he gave to it of his friend. But neither of these books realizes our conception of what a Life of Lamb ought to be. Miss Lamb, in an unpublished letter to a correspondent, speaks of their—her's and her brother's—*what we do* existence. There is want of a volume yet, which should describe that for us, which should paint the Lambs' fireside, and present to us a

view, or even glimpses, of those two, as they were and moved, even at the hazard of a little pre-Raphaelitish detail.

The Lambs, we apprehend, were not genteel people in the severely conventional acceptation of the term ; and it is to be added that the times in which they lived were, unhappily for them or happily for us, not quite such genteel times as we find ourselves cast in. This delightful and accomplished couple had not only poor and humble antecedents, but at the outset and for some long while after, their own circumstances were poor and humble ; and there were certain old-world notions, archaic ways, in which they were born ; and with these they grew up and died. A fearful domestic tragedy had darkened their youth, and coloured all their after-life : there was insanity in the blood ; and, one day, the mother fell by the daughter's hand. Thenceforth, the brother and sister lived to each other, one and indivisible ; and the bond, which was knit in sorrow, was severed only by death.

This is, so far, old ground, and these

are familiar facts. It seemed desirable to pursue the beaten route to a certain distance, and then, if we could, to strike into a fresh track or two.

It would be an ungracious duty, from which on more than one account we rather shrink, to point out all that is capable of being fairly said of the last "Life of Lamb;" and we shall consequently do our best to steer clear of it. An inaccurate account is there given, however, singularly enough, of the origin of the friendship between Miss Lamb and one of her most intimate and valued friends, Miss Sarah Stoddart, who afterwards became the wife of William Hazlitt. The fact is that Miss Lamb and Miss Stoddart had become acquainted some time before the year 1803, and that in that year the two ladies were in active and affectionate correspondence. Lamb had met Miss Stoddart's brother, Dr. Stoddart, at Godwin's and at William Hazlitt's elder brother's in Great Russell Street; and in this way the friendship must have sprung up. Miss Stoddart and William Hazlitt were not married till 1808; and in the intervening five years (1803-1808) a series of letters passed between the future Mrs. Hazlitt and Miss Lamb, of which a few have been preserved. They are those written by Miss Lamb. Miss Stoddart's letters seem to have perished.

The existing remains of this correspondence supply perhaps the most ample and valuable information that we have upon the domestic and fireside life of the Lambs; they are equally admirable, whether we look at them as pictures or as compositions; and heretofore they have been passed over in complete silence, for the simple reason that they have never been printed, and still remain in private hands. They do not, of course, tell us all that we might like to know, but they tell us much, and they suggest to us much. Nor should it be forgotten that the years they illustrate are years for which a biographer is likely to feel grateful by an accession of light.

In September, 1803, Miss Stoddart was fluctuating between one of two

gentlemen who were paying her attentions, and to both of whom she appears to have extended a certain share of encouragement. She took Mary Lamb entirely into confidence, and reported to her from time to time how her love-affairs sped. Now it was Mr. — who was in the ascendant, and at another, Mr. Somebody else. Miss Lamb took occasion to tell her correspondent candidly that she could not enter so completely into her feelings as she would have wished, for that her ways were not Miss Stoddart's exactly. But there was one point in which Miss Lamb found serious fault with Miss Stoddart, and it was the want of confidence she displayed towards her brother the doctor, and Mrs. Stoddart, and her failure to acquaint them with what she was about.

We are obliged to plunge a little in *medias res*; for the fact is that the correspondence begins abruptly and imperfectly, and the earlier portions might be sought for in vain.

The first article in the series is, in fact, of the 21st September, 1803, and here Miss Stoddart is "my dear Sarah," and the relations are evidently most intimate and cordial. There had been, we may be sure, many previous interchanges of thoughts and gossip. Miss Lamb here says, in reference to Miss Stoddart's, in her opinion, most injudicious reserve:—

"One thing my advising spirit must say—use as little *secrecy* as possible, "and as much as possible make a friend "of your sister-in-law. You know I "was not struck with her at first sight, "but upon your account I have watched "and marked her very attentively; and, "while she was eating a bit of cold "mutton in our kitchen, we had a serious conversation. From the frankness "of her manner I am convinced she is "a person I could make a friend of, "why should not you? . . .

"My father had a sister lived with "us—of course lived with my mother, her sister-in-law; they were "in their different ways the best creatures in the world, but they set out "wrong at first. They made each other

"miserable for full twenty years of their lives. My mother was a perfect gentlewoman; my aunty as unlike a gentlewoman as you can possibly imagine a good old woman to be; so that my dear mother (who, though you do not know it, is always in my poor head and heart), used to distress and weary her with incessant and unceasing attention and politeness to gain her affection. The old woman could not return this in kind, and did not know what to make of it—thought it all deceit, and used to hate my mother with a bitter hatred; which of course was soon returned with interest; a little frankness, and looking into each other's characters at first, would have spared all this. . . . My aunt and my mother were wholly unlike you and your sister; yet in some degree their's is the exact history of all sisters-in-law; and you will smile when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife, and make a real friend of her—partly from early observation of the unhappy example I have just given you, and partly from a knack I know I have of looking into people's real characters. . . .

"By secrecy I mean you both [Miss S. and Dr. S.] want the habit of telling each other at the moment everything that happens, where you go, and what you do—that free communication of letters and opinions, just as they arrive, as Charles and I do, and which after all is the only groundwork of true friendship.

"Charles is very unwell. . . ."

It is clear enough how this bears upon the early and painful history of the Lambs; and here we have, what we can get nowhere else, Miss Lamb's own sentiments about her mother and the family affairs, almost antecedently to her brother's acquisition of a name. In 1804—the same year in which Coleridge, it may be recollected, visited Dr. Stoddart at Malta—the doctor's sister also went out on a visit; and she was in fact there to receive Coleridge when he arrived. There are two letters from Miss Lamb to

Miss Stoddart during this Maltese trip; and, if we add one more from Lamb himself to Southey (only discovered quite recently), we have before us the entire Lamb correspondence for the year! What Miss Lamb says about her brother and herself, and their common home, in these two communications, may therefore be worth copying out. In the first (9th April, 1804), she says:—

"Charles has lost the newspaper; but what we dreaded as an evil has proved a great blessing, for we have both strangely recovered our health and spirits, since this has happened, and I hope when I write next I shall be able to tell you Charles has begun something which will produce a little money, for it is not well to be *very poor*, which we certainly are at this present writing.

"Is a quiet evening in a Maltese drawing-room as pleasant as those we have passed in Mitre Court and Bell Yard? . . ."

When the second letter was written, Coleridge had arrived out, and his safety had been announced by Miss Stoddart. It must consequently be referred to June, 1804. There had been a misunderstanding between Lamb and Miss Stoddart's mother about the postage of certain letters. It would be a matter scarcely worth notice here, were it not that Miss Lamb, in explaining it to her correspondent, touches interestingly on the character of Charles:—

"My brother," she writes, "has had a letter from your mother, which has distressed him sadly, about the postage of some letters being paid by my brother. Your silly brother, it seems, has informed your mother (I did not think your brother could have been so silly) that Charles had grumbled at paying the said postage. The fact was, just at that time we were very poor, having lost the *Morning Post*, and we were beginning to practise a strict economy. My brother, who never makes up his mind whether he will be a miser or a spendthrift, is at all times a strange mixture of both;

"of this failing the even economy of
 "your correct brother's temper makes
 "him an ill judge. The miserly part
 "of Charles, at that time smarting
 "under his recent loss, then happened
 "to reign triumphant, and he would
 "not write, or let me write, as often as
 "he wished, because the postage cost
 "two-and-fourpence; then came two or
 "three of your poor mother's letters
 "almost together, and the two-and-
 "fourpence she wished, but grudged, to
 "pay for his own, he was forced to pay
 "for hers. . . . Charles is sadly fretted
 "now, and knows not what to say to
 "your mother. I have made this long
 "preamble about it to induce you, if
 "possible, to reinstate us in your
 "mother's good graces. Say to her it
 "was a jest misunderstood; tell her that
 "Charles Lamb is not the shabby fellow
 "she and her son took him for, but that
 "he is now and then a little whimsical
 "or so. . . ."

What has gone before is worth half a biography of itself. It is certainly an admirable passage, and Miss Lamb was as certainly an admirable letter-writer. The bottom of the sheet is occupied by a few lines from Charles himself:—

"MY DEAR MISS STODDART,—*"Long live Queen Hoop—oop—oop—ooo and all the old merry phantoms.*

"Mary has written so fully to you, that I have nothing to add but that, in all the kindness she has expressed, and loving desire to see you again, I bear my full part. You will perhaps like to tear this half from the sheet, and give your brother only his strict due, the remainder. So I will just repay your late kind letter with this short postscript to hers. Come over here, and let us all be merry again.

"C. LAMB."

So much for the letters of 1804. In one of 1805, directed to Miss Stoddart at Salisbury, the writer starts with this characteristic passage:—"I have just been reading over again your two long letters, and I perceive they make me very envious. I have taken a bran new pen and put on my spectacles,

"and am peering with all my might to see the lines in the paper, which the sight of your even lines had wellnigh tempted me to rule. I have, moreover, taken two pinches of snuff extraordinary to clear my head, which feels more cloudy than common. . . .

"If I possibly can, I will prevail upon Charles to write to your brother by the conveyance you mention; but he is so unwell, I almost fear the fortnight will slip away before I can get him in the right vein. Indeed it has been sad and heavy times with us lately. When I am pretty well, his low spirits throw me back again; and, when he begins to get a little cheerful, then I do the same kind office for him. . . .

"Do not say anything, when you write, of our low spirits; it will vex Charles. You would laugh, or you would cry, perhaps both, to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, How do you do? and, How do you do? and then we fall a-crying, and say we will be better on the morrow. He says we are like toothache and his friend gum-boil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease, a comfort of rather an uncomfortable sort.

"Do not, I conjure you, let her [Mrs. S.'s] unhappy malady afflict you too deeply; I speak from experience, and from the opportunity I have had of much observation in such cases, that insane people, in the fancies they take into their heads, do not feel as one in a sane state of mind does. . . ."

Here Miss Lamb touches a delicate chord, and in a subsequent letter (14th November, 1805), written after a recovery, she returns to the same ground; in this case, however, explicitly speaking of her own occasional derangements.

She says: "Your kind heart will, I know, even if you have been a little displeased, forgive me, when I assure you my spirits have been so much hurt by my last illness, that at times I hardly know what I do. I do not mean to alarm you about myself, or

"to plead an excuse, but am very much otherwise than you have always known me. I do not think any one perceives me altered; but I have lost all self-confidence in my own actions; and one cause of my low spirits is, that I never feel satisfied with anything I do. A perception of not being in a sane state perpetually haunts me. . ."

There is further allusion to this illness in a letter of November 18, 1805:—

"I have made many attempts at writing to you, but it has always brought your trouble and my own so strongly into my mind that I have been obliged to leave off, and make Charles write for me. . . . I have been for these few days in rather better spirits, so that I begin almost to feel myself once more a living creature, and to hope for happier times; and in that hope I include the prospect of once more seeing my dear Sarah in peace and comfort. . . . How did I wish for your presence to cheer my drooping heart when I returned home from banishment! . . . If you have sent Charles any commissions he has not executed, write me word; he says he has lost or mislaid a letter desiring him to inquire about a wig."

In the spring of 1806, Miss Stoddart stayed with the Lambs for a short time; she returned to Salisbury on the 20th February; and on the same day Miss Lamb wrote her a long news-letter, from which we must trouble the reader with some extracts illustrative of the domestic history of Charles and his sister, and of the renowned "Mr. H.":—

"This day" (February 20, 1806), she writes, "seems to me a kind of new era in our time; it is not a birthday, nor a New Year's Day, nor a leave-off-smoking day, but it is about an hour after the time of leaving you, our poor Phoenix, in the Salisbury stage, and Charles has just left me for the first time alone to go to his lodgings.¹ . . .

¹ Some lodgings C. L. had hired at three shillings a week, under the impression that he could write there with greater facility and less constraint.

"Writing plays, novels, poems, and all manner of such like vapouring and vapourish schemes are floating in my head, which at the same time aches with the thoughts of parting from you, and is perplexed at the idea of I-cannot-tell-what-about notion, that I have not made you half so comfortable as I ought to have done; then I think I will make a new gown, and now I consider the white petticoat will be better candlelight work; and then I look at the fire, and think, if the irons were but down, I would iron my gowns, you having put me out of conceit of mangling. . . .

"Charles is gone to finish the farce,² and I am to hear it read this night. I am so uneasy between my hopes and fears of how I shall like it that I do not know what I am doing. I need not tell you so, for before I send this I shall be able to tell you all about it. If I think it will amuse you, I will send you a copy. . . ."

What follows was written the next day—February 21.

"I have received your letter, and am happy to hear that your mother has been so well in your absence, which I wish had been prolonged a little, for you have been wanted to copy out the farce, in the writing of which I made many an unlucky blunder.

"The said farce I carried (after many consultations of who was the most proper person to perform so important an office) to Wroughton, the manager of Drury Lane. He was very civil to me; said it did not depend upon himself, but that he would put it into the Proprietors' hands, and that we should certainly have an answer from them.

"I have been unable to finish this sheet before, for Charles has taken a week's holidays [from his] lodgings to rest himself after his labour, and we have talked to-night of nothing but the farce night and day; but yesterday [I carried it to Wroughton, and since it has been out of the [way,

"Mr. H."

"our] minds have been a little easier. "I wish you had [been here, so] as to have given us your opinion; I have half a mind to scribble another copy and send it you. I like it very much, and cannot help having great hopes of its success.

"Continue to tell us all your perplexities; I do not mind being called Widow Blackacre. All the time we can spare from talking of the characters and plot of the farce we talk of you."

Miss Lamb sent a sort of sequel to this letter on the 14th March, and there she speaks of her brother in terms which must be understood *Lambily* :—

"Charles is very busy at the office; he will be kept there to-day till seven or eight o'clock, and he came home very smoky and drinky last night, so that I am afraid a hard day's work will not agree very well with him. . . . "I have been eating a mutton chop all alone, and I have been just looking in the pint porter-pot, which I find quite empty, and yet I am still very dry; if you were with me, we would have a glass of brandy and water, but it [is] quite impossible to drink brandy and water by oneself. Therefore I must wait with patience till the kettle boils. I hate to drink tea alone; it is worse than dining alone. . . .

"The lodging, that pride and pleasure of your heart and mine, is given up—and here he is again—Charles, I mean, as unsettled and as undetermined as ever. When he went to the poor lodging after the holidays I told you he had taken, he could not endure the solitariness of them, and I had no rest for the sole of my foot, till I promised to believe his solemn protestations that he could and would write as well at home as there. Do you believe this?

"I have no power over Charles; he will do what he will do. But I ought to have some little influence over myself. And therefore I am most manfully resolving to turn over a new leaf with my own mind. . . .

"It is but being once thoroughly con-

"vinced one is wrong, to make one resolve to do so no more; and I know my dismal faces have been almost as great a drawback on Charles's comfort as his feverish teasing ways have been upon mine. Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto. I am most seriously intending to lend the whole force of my mind to counteract this, and I see some prospect of success.

"Of Charles's ever bringing any work to pass at home I am very doubtful; and of the farce succeeding I have little or no hope; but, if I could once get into the way of being cheerful myself, I should see an easy remedy in leaving town and living cheaply almost wholly alone; but till I do find we really are comfortable alone, and by ourselves, it seems a dangerous experiment."

We have printed what is certainly a most remarkable passage, showing that Miss Lamb was in 1806 turning over in her mind the necessity of a separation between her brother and herself. She saw, however, that it might be "a dangerous experiment;" it is superfluous of course to add that it was never tried. What is still more curious, we shall come by-and-by to a letter from Lamb to a friend, which compels us to believe that he contemplated at one time, at least, such a parting as a possible contingency.

In a letter of June 2, 1806, is something which will be fresh about the *Tales from Shakespeare*, on which Miss Lamb was already engaged :—

"My Tales are to be published [in] separate story books; I mean in single stories, like the children's little shilling books. I cannot send them you in manuscript, because they are all in Godwin's hands; but all will be published very soon, and then you shall have it all in print. . . . Charles has written Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, and has begun Hamlet. You would like to see us as we often sit writing on one table, but not on one cushion sitting, like Hermia and Helena in the 'Midsummer Nights Dream,' or rather

"like an old literary Darby and Joan, "I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it; which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it. . . .

"If I tell you that you Widow Blackacre-ise, you must tell me I Tale-ise, for my Tales seem to be all the subject-matter I write about; and, when you see them, you will think them poor little baby-stories to make such a talk about. . . ."

Miss Lamb concludes with inquiries about Miss Stoddart's still pending love-affairs, and winds up thus: "I have known many single men I should have liked in my life (if it had suited them) for a husband; but very few husbands have I ever wished was mine, which is rather against the state in general. . . ."

Out of a letter of July 2, 1806, we select what follows: "The best news I have to tell you is that the farce is accepted. That is to say, the manager has written to say it shall be brought out when an opportunity serves. . . . You must come and see it the first night; for, if it succeeds, it will be a great pleasure to you, and, if it should not, we shall want your consolation. So you must come. . . ."

"Charles wants me to write a play, but I am not over-anxious to set about it; but, seriously, will you draw me out a skeleton of a story either from memory of anything you have read, or from your own invention, and I will fill it up in some way or other? . . . I begin to hope the *home holidays* will go on very well. . . ."

The last sentence points of course to the abandonment of the three-shillings-a-week apartment, which at first occasioned Miss Lamb considerable misgiving.

There is a letter from Miss Lamb to Miss Stoddart of the 22d October, 1806, which yields the following:—

"I thank you a thousand times for the beautiful work you have sent me. "I received the parcel from a strange

"gentleman yesterday. I like the patterns very much. You have quite set me up in finery; but you should have sent the silk handkerchief too. "Will you make a parcel of that, and send it by the Salisbury coach? I should like to have it in a few days, because we have not yet been to Mr. Babb's, and that handkerchief would suit this time of year nicely. . . .

"I have been busy making waist-coats, and plotting new work to succeed the Tales. As yet I have not hit upon anything to my mind.

"Charles took an amended copy of his farce [to] Mr. Wroughton the manager yesterday. Mr. Wroughton was very friendly to him, and expressed high approbation of the farce; but there are two, he tells him, to come out before it; yet he gave him hopes that it will come out this season. But I am afraid you will not see it by Christmas. . . . We are pretty well, and in fresh spirits about the farce. Charles has been very good lately in the matter of *smoking*. . . .

"When you come, bring the gown you wish to sell. Mrs. Coleridge will be in town then, and, if she happens not to fancy it, perhaps some other person may. . . ."

"When I saw what a prodigious quantity of work you had put into the finery, I was quite ashamed of my unreasonable request; I will never serve you so again; but I do dearly love worked muslin. . . ."

Miss Stoddart had for some time been engaged to William Hazlitt the writer, and the marriage was fixed for the spring of 1808. The Lambs were to be there. Nay, more—Miss Lamb was to be a bridesmaid! This led to a grand paper-discussion upon what she was to wear on the occasion, and a letter of March 16, 1808, is full of nothing else:

"I never heard," says Miss Lamb, alluding to some proposal which her friend had made to her, "in the annals of weddings (since the days of Nausicaa, and she only washed her old gowns for that purpose) that the brides

"ever furnished the apparel of their maids. Besides, I can be completely clad in your work without it, for the spotted muslin will serve both for cap and hat (*nota bene*, my hat is the same as yours), and the gown you sprigged for me has never been made up; therefore I can wear that. Or, if you like better, I will make up a new silk which Manning has sent me from China. . . ."

It appears that Miss Stoddart had given Miss Lamb a gold pin, which Miss Lamb had presented to somebody else. She says: "I repent me of the deed, wishing I had it now to send to Miss H[azlitt] with the border, and I cannot, will not, give her the doctor's pin; for, never having had any presents from gentlemen in my young days, I highly prize all they now give me, thinking my latter days are better than my former. . . ."

"Do not ask me to be godmother, for I have an objection to that; but there is, I believe, no serious duty attached to a bridesmaid, therefore I come with a willing mind. . . . What has Charles done that nobody invites him to the wedding?"

Miss Stoddart became Mrs. Hazlitt on the 1st May, 1808, and after this date the letters become less frequent, and, what is more, of less consequence to our present object. We are merely dealing with unpublished details or little known facts in the history of the Lambs. We have already emerged from the very obscure period in the lives of the brother and sister; for, after 1808, we begin to obtain light from other sources. At first, however, that light shines weakly.

In 1809, the Lambs, with Martin Burney and Colonel Phillips, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt at Winterslow, near Salisbury. Miss Lamb and Martin, it seems, arranged the preliminaries. They went down in October; and here is a wonderfully characteristic bit from a letter of June, setting forth what they had planned between them. After stating that there is a good deal of uncertainty about the time of their starting, Miss Lamb goes on to say:—

"Nor can we positively say we shall come after all, for we have scruples of conscience about there being so many of us. Martin says, if you can borrow a blanket or two, he can sleep on the floor without either bed or mattress, which would save his expenses at the Hut; for, if Phillips breakfasts there, he must do so too, which would swallow up all his money; and he and I have calculated that, if he has no more expenses, he may as well spare that money to give you for a part of his roast beef. We can spare you also just five pounds: you are not to say this to Hazlitt, lest his delicacy should be alarmed.

"Thank you very much for the good work you have done for me. Mrs. Stoddart also thanks you for the gloves. How often must I tell you never to do any needlework for anybody but me?

"I cannot write any more, for we have got a noble 'Life of Lord Nelson' lent us for a short time by my poor relation the bookbinder. . . ."

Query, was this the person out of whom Lamb got the basis and first notion of his Essay on "Poor Relations?"

In a former letter of the present series, Miss Lamb propounded to her correspondent a scheme which she had in contemplation for living apart from her brother, and so, as she considered, studying both their happinesses. We now get to a letter from Lamb to Hazlitt himself, of November, 1810 (which Talfourd has not given), in which, after referring a little at length to a very bad illness which his sister is at that juncture labouring under, he writes:—

"Some decision we must come to; for the harassing fever we have both been in, owing to Miss —'s coming, is not to be borne, and I had rather be dead than so alive. . . ."

In the same letter he says: "Cole-ridge is in town, or at least at Hammer-smith. He is writing, or going to write, in the *Courier* against Cobbet [t] and in favour of Paper-Money."

We have nearly done, but first we

must convey ourselves by a long jump to 1824, when the Stoddarts were again at Malta, where Dr. Stoddart had been appointed Chief Justice. On one foolscap sheet of paper before us is a twofold letter—one written by Miss Lamb to Lady Stoddart, the other by Lamb to Sir John. We must confine ourselves strictly, as usual, to pertinent and neglected particulars.

"What is Henry [Stoddart] about? And what should one wish for him?" demands Miss Lamb in her part of the sheet. "If he be in search of a wife, I will send him out Emma Isola. You remember Emma, that you were so kind as to invite to your ball. She is now with us, and I am moving heaven and earth—that is to say, I am pressing the matter upon all the very few friends I have that are likely to assist me in such a case—to get her into a family as a governess; and Charles and I do little else here than teach her something or other all day long. We are striving to put enough Latin into her to enable her to teach it to young learners. . . .

"I expect a packet of manuscript from you—you promised me the office of negotiating with booksellers and so forth for your next work; is it in good forwardness, or do you grow rich and indolent now? . . . I took a large sheet of paper in order to leave Charles room to add something more worth reading than my poor mite."

As Lamb's letter has not hitherto appeared in print, it may not be uninteresting to give it entire (*exceptis excipiendis*):

"DEAR KNIGHT—OLD ACQUAINTANCE,
"—'Tis with a violence to the *pure imagination* (vide the 'Excursion' *passim*) that I can bring myself to believe I am writing to Dr. Stoddart once again at Malta. But the deductions of severe reason warrant the proceeding. I write from Enfield, where we are seriously weighing the advantages of dulness over the over-excitement of too much company, but have not yet come to a conclusion. What is the
No. 90.—VOL. XV.

"news? for we see no paper here; perhaps you can send us an old one from Malta. Only I heard a butcher in the market-place whisper something about a change of Ministry. I don't know who's in or out, or care, only as it might affect *you*. . . . I have just received Godwin's third volume of the 'Republic,' which only reaches to the commencement of the Protectorate. I think he means to spin it out to his life's thread. Have you seen Fearn's 'Anti-Tookey?' I am no judge of such things; you are; but I think it very clever indeed. If I knew your bookseller, I'd order it for you at a venture; 'tis two octavos, Longman and Co. Or do you read now? Tell it not in the Admiralty Court, but my head aches *hesterno vino*. I can scarce pump up words, much less ideas, congruous to be sent so far. But your son must have this by to-night's post. . . . Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, &c., probably to touch at Sicily, Malta, Guernsey, &c.; but I don't know the map. . . . I am teaching Emma Latin. By the time you can answer this, she will be qualified to instruct young ladies; she is a capital English reader, and S. T. C. acknowledges that part of a passage in Milton she read better than he, and part he read best, her part being the shorter. But, seriously, if Lady St— (oblivious pen, that was about to write *Mrs.*!) could hear of such a young person wanted (she smatters of French, some Italian, music of course), we'd send our loves by her. My congratulations and assurances of old esteem.
C. L."

So much for the Lamb and Stoddart correspondence between 1803 and 1824. It supplies, with what we propose to jot down by way of concluding, a certain number of *lacuna*, which will be of service to whoever, with Rembrandtish pen, shall portray hereafter the life of Lamb.

It has been of late, and since the appearance of Mr. Barry Cornwall's book, somewhat authoritatively declared that the mystery respecting the young girl

Alice W——, with whom Lamb was in love, will never be unravelled, and is irrecoverably buried. Not *quite* so, we should say. In a memorandum, partly in Lamb's hand, and furnishing for some correspondent a key to the names of persons mentioned in the first series of "ELIA" by their initials, occurs—Alice W——? That is, the querist asks Lamb who she is, leaving a vacant space for the solution. Lamb replies: Alice W. feigned (Winterton); by which we apprehend that he meant to convey to the inquirer that Winterton was *not* the real name.

Now a conjecture arises out of this, that, if Winterton was not the real name, it was a name something similar to it. Lamb, in one or two passages of the "Essays," where she is alluded to, brings her in as "Alice W . . n," leaving us to guess that only two letters require to be supplied to arrive at what we want. Our own conclusion is, that the name was *Winn*—Alice Winn.

Who Miss Winn was is equally doubtful. But she afterwards married Mr. Bartrum, the pawnbroker, of Princes Street, Coventry Street; and Lamb was seen by an intimate friend, subsequently to his Alice becoming Mrs. Bartrum, to wander up and down outside the shop, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the object of his passion.

One of Leigh Hunt's Familiar Epistles in Verse to certain of his friends is addressed to Lamb; it touches very prettily on the visits which Charles and his sister used to pay to Hunt at Hampstead in all weathers; and it might have supplied a hint or two to a biographer who was desirous of tracing the relations between these two eminent contemporaries. There are several letters, also, extant from Lamb to Hunt; which is a circumstance which might have been advantageously brought under the notice of Mr. Cornwall. The visits which the author of "Rimini" received in 1813, during his confinement in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, from the Lambs, are very feelingly and gratefully recorded in Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography."

There is one very extraordinary inci-

dent which befel Lamb during his residence at Enfield, which his biographers have either overlooked or suppressed.

It so happened that a lady and her sister came over from Edmonton one day to see the Lambs at Enfield, and in the evening Charles saw them part of the way home. He left them at a certain point, and said he should go back straight to Mary. To Mary, however, he did *not* go straight back, but went into a roadside tavern, and called for some liquor. He sat down to his refreshment near two men, who, like himself, were drinking beer or spirits, and got into conversation with them. He did not know them, nor they him. Nothing more passed for the time. Lamb paid his reckoning, and went away.

A horrible murder had been perpetrated at Edmonton that very day. A man had been killed and robbed, and his body thrown into a ditch. The men with whom Lamb had been were the murderers! Very soon after he had quitted their society, they were arrested on the charge, and the next morning Lamb himself was apprehended on suspicion of being an accomplice! The matter, of course, was explained, and he was set at liberty; but the episode was a remarkable one, and it is now for the first time put forward, as we had it from the lips of one of the ladies whom he escorted home on that eventful evening.

The late Mr. J. B. Pulham possessed two curious and highly valuable volumes, sold after his decease, containing portions of Mr. Gutch's Bristol reprint of George Wither's works, interleaved with large quarto paper. Upon these blank sheets Mr. Gutch himself, Dr. Nott, and, we believe, Mr. Pulham, in a few instances, wrote comments illustrative of the old poets, extending to considerable length; and to those comments Charles Lamb, to whom the volumes were forwarded by Gutch, added comments upon comments, or remarks upon remarks. Of these some were very pungent and severe, and Lamb in several places puns at Dr. Nott's expense, and passes upon that gentleman rather vigorous strictures.

The two volumes are a great curiosity, but their history would be rather obscure, if it was not elucidated by a passage in Gutch's *Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, 1847, where a letter from Lamb to Gutch is printed, not found in Talfourd's Collection.

The pencil-jottings in the interleaved Wither formed the *prima stamina* of the article "On the Poetical Works of George Wither," in the common editions of Lamb's works, but with a difference !

The story of Lamb and Martin Burney's dirty hands is too well known to need repetition here. We believe that the *jeu d'esprit* was not Lamb's at all, but was made by a gentleman who never uttered a second witticism in the whole course of his life, and who thought it a *little* hard to be robbed of this unique achievement ! The real person, we have understood, was the father of the present Mr. Commissioner Ayrton.

There are several notices of Lamb, worthy of the attention of any future biographer, in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*. One is a sketch by the editor ; another consists of Mr. Moxon's recollections ; and many pages are occupied by a narrative, based on personal intimacy, from a third pen. We observe, too, in one place—or, to be plain, at page 348 of the second volume a saying or two which should not be lost sight of.

Mr. Patmore's "Reminiscences" are also deserving of a perusal, and the same may be said of Mr. Alsop's "Recollections of S. T. Coleridge."

In the tenth volume of the third series of *Notes and Queries*, again, there

is an interesting paper on the subject of Lamb, from the pen of Thomas Westwood, Lamb's landlord at Enfield. Surely all these sources ought to be exhausted, and will prove more or less informing and suggestive.

Lamb's uncollected pieces are very numerous indeed, and of very unequal worth. Perhaps he was nearer to the truth than he imagined, when he said of the second series of "Elia," that all the humour of the thing had evaporated, if there was ever any humour at all, after the first publication in 1823. He never did anything which approached in merit the contents of that admirable volume during the eleven years from 1823 to 1834.

All his periodical writings, all his plays, and all his poems are necessary, however, to a complete edition of his works ; for our own part, we should be satisfied with "Elia," "Rosamund Grey," "John Woodvil," the "Farewell to Tobacco," and the "Letters." We must have the last, not as Talfourd has given them to us, but as Lamb wrote them—*ipsissimis verbis*. Talfourd has helped us to bits of them—those bits which he thought nicest and prettiest ; but, if we could have the true text, we should be better pleased on the whole. Upon a moderate calculation, the collection found by Talfourd does not represent a moiety of the total. Where, let us ask, is the correspondence with Hone, with the Holcrofts, with Cottle, with Hunt, with Collier, and with Novello ? A contemporary of Lamb's was lately, and may be yet, living, who possesses a series of letters, not one of which has seen the light.

ARE THERE JEWS IN CORNWALL?

A RIDDLE AND ITS SOLUTION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

THERE is hardly a book on Cornish history or antiquities in which we are not seriously informed that at some time or other the Jews migrated to Cornwall, or worked as slaves in Cornish mines. Some writers state this simply as a fact requiring no further confirmation; others support it by that kind of evidence which Herodotus, no doubt, would have considered sufficient for establishing the former presence of Pelasgians in different parts of Greece, but which would hardly have satisfied Niebuhr, still less Sir G. C. Lewis. Old smelting-houses, they tell us, are still called *Jews' houses* in Cornwall; and if, even after that, anybody could be so sceptical as to doubt that the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, were sent to work as slaves in the Cornish mines, he is silenced at once by an appeal to the name of *Marazion*, the well-known town opposite St. Michael's Mount, which means the "bitterness of Zion," and is also called *Market Jew*. Many a traveller has no doubt shaken his unbelieving head, and asked himself how it is that no real historian should ever have mentioned the migration of the Jews to the Far West, whether it took place under Nero or under one of the later Flavian emperors. Yet all the Cornish guides are positive on the subject, and the *prima facie* evidence is certainly so startling, that we can hardly wonder if certain anthropologists discovered even the sharply marked features of the Jewish race among the sturdy fishermen of Mount's Bay.

Before we examine the facts on which this Jewish theory is founded,—facts, as will be seen, chiefly derived from names of places, and other relics of language—it will be well to inquire a little into the character of the Cornish language, so

that we may know what kind of evidence we can expect from such a witness.

The ancient language of Cornwall, as is well known, was a Celtic dialect, closely allied to the languages of Brittany and Wales, and less nearly though by no means distantly related to the languages of Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. Cornish began to die out in Cornwall about the time of the Reformation, being slowly but surely supplanted by English, till it was buried with Dolly Pentreath and similar worthies about the end of the last century. Now there is in most languages, but more particularly in those which are losing their consciousness or their vitality, what, by a name borrowed from geology, may be called a *metamorphic process*. It consists chiefly in this, that words, as they cease to be properly understood, are slightly changed, generally with the object of imparting to them once again a more intelligible meaning. This new meaning is mostly a mistaken one, yet it is not only readily accepted, but the word in its new dress and with its new character is frequently made to support facts and fictions which could be supported by no other evidence. Who does not believe that *sweetheart* has something to do with *heart*? Yet it was originally formed like *drunk-ard*, *dull-ard*, and *nigg-ard*; and poets, not grammarians, are responsible for the mischief it may have done under its plausible disguise. By the same process, *shamefast*, formed like *steadfast*, and still properly spelt by Chaucer and in the early editions of the Authorized Version of the Bible, has long become *shamefaced*, bringing before us the blushing roses of a lovely face. The *Vikings*, mere pirates from the *viks*

or creeks of Scandinavia, have, by the same process, been raised to the dignity of kings; just as *coat cards*—the king, and queen, and knave in their gorgeous gowns—were exalted into *court cards*.

Although this kind of metamorphosis takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other, and where, in the end, one is superseded by the other. The name of *Oxford* contains in its first syllable an old Celtic word, the well-known term for water or river, which occurs as *ux* in *Uxbridge*, as *ex* in *Exmouth*, as *ax* in *Axmouth*, and in many more disguises down to the *whisk* of *whiskey*, the Scotch *Uisgebaugh*.¹ In the name of the *Isis*, and of the suburb of *Osney*, the same Celtic word has been preserved. The Saxons kept the Celtic name of the river, and they called the place where one of the Roman roads crossed the river *Ox*, *Oxford*. The name, however, was soon mistaken, and interpreted as purely Saxon; and if any one should doubt that Oxford was a kind of *Bosphorus*, and meant a ford for oxen, the ancient arms of the city were readily appealed to in order to cut short all doubts on the subject.

Similar accidents happened to Greek words after they were adopted by the people of Italy, particularly by the Romans. The Latin *orichalcum*, for instance, is simply the Greek word *ορείχαλκος*, from *ὄρος*, mountain, and *χαλκός*, copper. Why it was called mountain-copper, no one seems to know. It was originally a kind of fabulous metal, brought to light from the brains of the poet rather than from the bowels of the earth. Though the poets, and even Plato, speak of it as, after gold, the most precious of metals, Aristotle sternly denies that there ever was any real metal corresponding to the extravagant descriptions of the *ορείχαλκος*. Afterwards the same word was used in a more sober and technical sense, though it is not always easy to say when it means copper, or bronze (*i.e.* copper

and tin), or brass (*i.e.* copper and zinc). The Latin poets not only adopted the Greek word in the fabulous sense in which they found it used in Homer, but forgetting that the first portion of the name was derived from the Greek *ὄρος*, hill, they pronounced and even spelt it as if derived from the Latin *aureum*, gold, and thus found a new confirmation of its equality with gold, which would have greatly surprised the original framers of that curious compound.¹

In a county like Cornwall, where the ancient Celtic dialect continued to be spoken, though disturbed and overlaid from time to time by Latin, Saxon, and Norman,—where Celts had to adopt certain Saxon and Norman, and Saxons and Normans certain Celtic words,—we have a right to expect an ample field for observing this metamorphic process, and for tracing its influence in the transformation of names, and in the formation of legends, traditions, nay even, as we shall see, in the production of generally accepted historical facts. To call this process *metamorphic*, using that name in the sense given to it by geologists, may, at first sight, seem pedantic and far-fetched. But if we see how a new language forms what may be called a new stratum covering the old language; how the life or heat of the old language, though apparently extinct, breaks forth again through the superincumbent crust, destroys its regular features and assimilates its stratified layers with its own igneous or volcanic nature,—our comparison, though somewhat elaborate, will be justified to a great extent, and we shall only have to ask our geological readers to make allowance for this, that in languages the foreign element has always to be considered as the superincumbent stratum, Cornish forming the crust to English or English to Cornish, according as the speaker uses the one or the other as his native or as his acquired speech.

Our first witness in support of this metamorphic process is Mr. Seaven, who

¹ See Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," p. 212. The *Ock* joins the Thames near Abingdon.

¹ See the learned essay of M. Rossignol, "De l'Orichalque : Histoire du Cuivre et de ses Alliages," in his work, "Les Métaux dans l'Antiquité." Paris: 1863.

lived about two hundred years ago, a true Cornishman, though writing in English, or in what he is pleased so to call. In blaming the Cornish gentry and nobility for having attempted to give to their ancient and honourable names a kind of Norman varnish, and for having adopted new-fangled coats of arms, Mr. Scawen remarks on the several mistakes, intentional or unintentional, that occurred in this foolish process. "The grounds of two several mistakes," he writes, "are very obvious: '1st, upon the *Tre* or *Ter*; 2d, upon the *Ross* or *Rose*. *Tre* or *Ter* in Cornish, commonly signifies a town, or rather place, and it has always an adjunct with it. *Tri* is the number 3. Those men willingly mistake one for another. And so in French heraldry terms, they used to fancy and contrive those with any such three things as may be like, or cohere with, or may be adapted to any thing or things in their surnames, whether very handsome or not is not much stood upon. Another usual mistake is upon *Ross*, which, as they seem to fancy, should be a *Rose*, but *Ross* in Cornish is a vale or valley. Now for this their French-Latin tutors, when they go into the field of Mars, put them in their coat armour prettily to smell out a *Rose* or flower (a fading honour instead of a durable one); so any three such things, agreeable perhaps a little to their names, are taken up and retained from abroad, when their own at home have a much better scent and more lasting."

Some amusing instances of what may be called Saxon puns on Cornish words, have been communicated to me by a Cornish friend of mine, Mr. Bellows. "The old Cornish name for Falmouth," he writes, "was *Penny come quick*, and they tell a most improbable story to account for it. I believe the whole compound is the Cornish *Pen y cum gwic*, 'Head of the creek valley.' In like manner they have turned *Bryn uhella* (highest hill) into *Brown Willy*, and *Cum ta good* (woodhouse valley) into *Come to good*." To this might be added the common etymologies of *Hel-*

stone and *Camelford*. The former name has nothing to do with the Saxon *hel-stone*, a covering stone, or with the infernal regions, but meant "place on the river;" the latter, in spite of the camel in the arms of the town, meant the ford of the river Camel. A frequent mistake arises from the misapprehension of the Celtic *dun*, hill, which enters in the composition of many local names, and was changed by the Saxons into *town* or *tun*. Thus *Melidunum* is now *Moulton*, *Seccan-dun* is *Seckington*, and *Beamdun* is *Bampton*.

This transformation of Celtic into Saxon or Norman terms is not confined, however, to the names of families, towns, and villages, and we shall see how the fables to which it has given rise have not only disfigured the records of some of the most ancient families in Cornwall, but have thrown a haze over the annals of the whole county.

Returning to the Jews in their Cornish exile, we find, no doubt, as mentioned before, that even in the Ordnance maps the little town opposite St. Michael's Mount is called *Marazion*, and *Market Jew*. *Marazion* sounds decidedly like Hebrew, and might signify *Márâh*, "bitterness, grief," *Zion*, "of Zion." M. Esquiro, a believer in Cornish Jews, thinks that *Mara* might be a corruption of the Latin *Amara*, bitter; but he forgets that this etymology would really defeat its very object, and destroy the Hebrew origin of the name. The next question therefore is, what is the real origin of the name *Marazion*, and of its *alias*, *Market Jew*? It cannot be too often repeated that inquiries into the origin of local names are, in the first place, historical, and only in the second place, philological. To attempt an explanation of any name, without having first traced it back to the earliest form in which we can find it, is to set at defiance the plainest rules of the science of language as well as of the science of history. Even if the interpretation of a local name should be right, it would be of no scientific value without the preliminary inquiry into its history, which frequently consists in a succession

¹ Isaac Taylor, "Words and Places," p. 402.

of the most startling changes and corruptions. Those who are at all familiar with the history of Cornish names of places, will not be surprised to find the same name written in four or five, nay, in ten different ways. The fact is that those who pronounced the names were frequently ignorant of their real import, and those who had to write them down could hardly catch their correct pronunciation. Thus we find that Camden calls Marazion *Merkin*, Carew *Marcaiew*. Leland in his "Itinerary" (about 1538) uses the names *Markesin*, *Markine* (vol. iii. fol. 4), and in another place (vol. vii. fol. 119) he applies, it would seem, to the same town the name of *Marasdeythyon*. William of Worcester (about 1478) writes promiscuously *Markysyoo* (p. 103), *Marchew* and *Margew* (p. 133), *Marchasyone* and *Markysyov* (p. 98). In a charter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 1595, the name is written *Marghasiewe*; in another of the year 1313, *Markesion*; in another of 1309, *Markasyon*; in another of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (*Rex Romanorum*, 1257), *Marchadyon*. Besides these, Dr. Oliver has found in different title-deeds the following varieties of the same name:—*Marghasion*, *Markesione*, *Marghasiev*, *Maryazion*, and *Marazion*. The only explanation of the name which we meet with in early writers, such as Leland, Camden, and Carew, is that it meant "Thursday Market." Leland explains *Marasdeythyon* by *forum Jovis*. Camden explains *Merkin* in the same manner, and Carew takes *Marcaiew* as originally *Marhas dieu*, i.e. "Thursdaies market, for then it useth this traffike."

This interpretation of *Marhasdieu* as Thursday Market, appears at first very plausible, and it has at all events far better claims on our acceptance than the modern Hebrew etymology of "Bitterness of Zion." But, strange to say, although from a charter of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, it appears that the monks of the Mount had the privilege of holding a market on Thursday (*die quinta feria*), there is no evidence, and no probability, that a town so close by as Marazion ever held a market on the same day. Thursday in Cornish was called *deyow*, not *dieu*. The only additional evidence

we get is this, that in the taxation of Bishop Walter Bronescombe, made Aug. 27, 1261, and quoted in Bishop Stapledon's register of 1313, the place is called *Markesion de parvo mercato*; and that in a charter of Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall, permission was granted to the prior of St. Michael's Mount that three markets, which formerly had been held in *Marghasbigan*, on ground not belonging to him, should in future be held on his own ground in *Marchadyon*. *Markesion de parvo mercato*; is evidently the same place as *Marghasbigan*, for *Marghasbigan* means in Cornish the same as *Mercatus parvus*, viz. "Little Market." The charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, is more perplexing, and it would seem to yield no sense, unless we again take *Marchadyon* as a mere variety of *Marghasbigan*, and suppose that the privilege granted to the prior of St. Michael's Mount consisted in transferring the fair from land in Marazion not belonging to him, to land in Marazion belonging to him. Anyhow it is clear that in *Marazion* we have some kind of name for market.

The old Cornish word for market is *marchas*, a corruption of the Latin *mercatus*. Originally the Cornish word must have been *marchad*, and this form is preserved in Brittany, while in Cornish the *ch* gradually sank to *h*, and the final *d* to *s*. This change of *d* into *s* is of frequent occurrence in modern as compared with ancient Cornish, and the history of our word will enable us, to a certain extent, to fix the time when that change took place. In the charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (about 1257), we find *Marchadyon* in a charter of 1309, *Markasyon*. The change of *d* into *s* had taken place during these fifty years. But what is the termination *yon*? Considering that Marazion is called the Little Market, I should like to see in *yon* the Cornish diminutive suffix, corresponding to the Welsh *yn*. But if this should be objected to, on the ground that no such diminutives occur in the literary monuments of the Cornish language, another explanation is open, which was first suggested to me by Mr. Bellows:—*Marchadion* may be taken as

a perfectly regular plural in Cornish, and we should then have to suppose that, instead of being called the Market or the Little Market, the place was called, from its three statute markets, "The Markets." And this would help us to explain, not only the gradual growth of the name Marazion, but likewise, I think, the gradual formation of "Market Jew." Another termination of the plural in Cornish is *ieu*, which, added to *Marchad*, would give us *Marchadieuv*.¹

Now, it is perfectly true that no real Cornishman would ever have taken *Marchadieuv* for Market Jew, or Jews' Market. The name for Jew in Cornish is quite different. It is *Edhov*, *Yedhov*, *Yudhov*, corrupted likewise into *Ezov*; plural, *Yedhevon*, &c. But to a Saxon ear the Cornish name *Marchadieuv* might well convey the idea of *Market Jew*, and thus, by a metamorphic process, a name meaning in Cornish the Markets would give rise, in a perfectly natural manner, not only to the two names, Marazion and Market Jew, but likewise to the historical legends of Jews settled in the county of Cornwall.

But there still remain the *Jews' houses*, the name given, it is said, to the old deserted smelting-houses in Cornwall, and in Cornwall only. Though, in the absence of any historical evidence as to the employment of this term *Jew house* in former ages, it will be more difficult to arrive at its original form and meaning, yet an explanation offers itself which, by a procedure very similar to that which was applied to *Marazion* and *Market Jew*, may account for the origin of this name likewise.

The Cornish name for house was originally *ty*. In modern Cornish, however, to quote from Lhuyd's Grammar, *t* has been changed to *tsh*, as *ti*, thou, *tshai*; *ty*, a house, *tshay*; which *tsh* is also sometimes changed to *dzh*, as "*ol mein y dzhai*," all in the house. Out of this *dzhai* we may easily understand how a Saxon mouth and a Saxon ear might

have elicited a sound somewhat like the English *Jew*.

But we do not get at *Jew house* by so easy a road, if indeed we get at it at all. We are told that a smelting-house was called a *White-house*, in Cornish *Chi-widden*, *widden* standing for *gwyn*, which is a corruption of the old Cornish *gwyn*, white. This name of *Chiwidden* is a famous name in Cornish hagiography. He was the companion of St. Piran, or St. Piran, the most popular saint among the mining population of Cornwall.

Mr. Hunt, who in his interesting work, "The Popular Romances of the West of England," has assigned a separate chapter to Cornish saints, tells us how St. Piran, while living in Ireland, fed ten Irish kings and their armies, for ten days together with three cows. Notwithstanding this and other miracles, some of these kings condemned him to be cast off a precipice into the sea, with a millstone round his neck. St. Piran, however, floated on safely to Cornwall, and he landed, on the 5th of March, on the sands which still bear his name, *Perran-zabulce*, or *Perran on the Sands*.

The lives of saints form one of the most curious subjects for the historian, and still more, for the student of language; and the day, no doubt, will come when it will be possible to take those wonderful conglomerates of fact and fiction to pieces, and, as in one of those huge masses of graywacke or rubble-stone, to assign each grain and fragment to the stratum from which it was taken, before they were all rolled together and cemented by the ebb and flow of popular tradition. With regard to the lives of Irish and Scotch and British saints, it ought to be stated for the credit of the pious authors of the "Acta Sanctorum," that even they admit their tertiary origin. "During the 12th century," they say, "when many of the ancient monasteries in Ireland were handed over to monks from England, and many new houses were built for them, these monks began to compile the acts of the saints with greater industry than judgment. They collected all they could find among

¹ On the termination of the plural in Cornish, see Mr. Whitley Stokes' excellent remarks in his edition of "The Passion," p. 79; and Norris, "Cornish Drama," vol. ii. p. 229.

"the uncertain traditions of the natives" and in obscure Irish writings, following the example of Jocelin, whose work "on the acts of St. Patrick had been received everywhere with wonderful applause. But many of them have miserably failed, so that the foolish have laughed at them, and the wise been filled with indignation." (Bollandi Acta, 5th of March, p. 390, B.) In the same work (p. 392, A), it is pointed out that the Irish monks, whenever they heard of any saints in other parts of England, whose names and lives reminded them of Irish saints, at once concluded that they were of Irish origin; and that the people in some parts of England, as they possessed no written acts of their popular saints, were glad to identify their own with the famous saints of the Irish Church. This has evidently happened in the case of St. Piran. St. Piran, in one of his characters, is certainly a truly Cornish saint; but when the monks in Cornwall heard the wonderful legends of the Irish saint, St. Kiran, they seem to have grafted their own St. Piran on the Irish St. Kiran. The difference in the names must have seemed less to them than to us; for words which in Cornish are pronounced with *p*, are pronounced, as a rule, in Irish with *k*. Thus, head in Cornish is *pen*, in Irish *ceann*; son is *map*, in Irish *mac*. The town built at the eastern extremity of the wall of Severus, was called *Penguaul*, i.e. *pen*, caput, *guanl*, walls; the English called it *Penel-tun*; while in Scotch it was pronounced *Cenail*.¹ That St. Kiran had originally nothing to do with St. Piran can still be proved, for the earlier Lives of St. Kiran, though full of fabulous stories, represent him as dying in Ireland. His saint's day was the 5th of March, that of St. Piran the 2d of May. The later Lives, however, though they say nothing as yet of the millstone, represent St. Kiran, when a very old man, as suddenly leaving his country in order that he might die in Cornwall. We are told that suddenly, when already near his death, he called together his

little flock, and said to them: "My dear brothers and sons, according to a divine disposition I must leave Ireland and go to Cornwall, and wait for the end of my life there. I cannot resist the will of God." He then sailed to Cornwall, and built himself a house, where he performed many miracles. He was buried in Cornwall on the sandy sea, fifteen miles from Petrokstown, and twenty-five miles from Mousehole.¹ In this manner the Irish and the Cornish saints, who originally had nothing in common but their names, became amalgamated,² and the saint's day of St. Piran was moved from the 2d of May to the 5th of March. Yet although thus welded into one, nothing could well be imagined more different than the characters of the Irish and of the Cornish saint. The Irish saint lived a truly ascetic life; he preached, wrought miracles, and died. The Cornish saint was a jolly miner, not always very steady on his legs.³ Let us hear what the Cornish have to tell of him. His name occurs in several names of places, such as Perran-Zabuloe, Perran Uthno, in Perran the Little, and Perran Arworthall. His name, pronounced Perran, or Piran, has been further corrupted into Picas and Picrou, unless this is again another saint. Anyhow both St. Perran and St. Picas live in the memory of the Cornish miner as the discoverers of tin; and the tinner's great holiday, the Thursday before Christmas, is still called Picrou's day.⁴ The legend relates that St. Piran, when still in Cornwall, em-

¹ Capgrave, "Legenda Angliæ," fol. 269.

² "Within the land of Meneke or Menegland, is a paroch church of S. Keveryn, otherwise Piranus."—Leland. "Piran and Keveryn were different persons." See Gough's edition of "Camden," vol. i. p. 14.

³ Carew, "Survey" (ed. 1602), p. 58. "From which civility, in the fruitful age of Canonization, they stepped a degree farther to holiness, and helped to stuff the Church Kalender with divers saints, either made or borne Cornish. Such was Keby, son to Solomon prince of Cor.; such *Piran*, who (if my author the Legend lye not) after that (like another Johannes de temporibus) he had lived two hundred yeres with perfect health, took his last rest in a Cornish parish, which there-through he endowed with his name."

⁴ Hunt's "Popular Romances," vol. ii. p. 19.

¹ H. B. C. Brandes, "Kelten und Germanen," p. 52.

ployed a heavy black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of the saint, and he communicated his discovery to St. Chywidenn. They examined the stone together, and Chywidenn, who was learned in the learning of the East, soon devised a process for producing this metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornishmen together. They told them of their treasures, and they taught them how to dig the ore from the earth, and how, by the agency of fire, to obtain the metal. Great was the joy in Cornwall, and many days of feasting followed the announcement. Mead and methugglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumour says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby. "Drunk as a Per-raner," has certainly passed into a proverb from that day.

It is quite clear from these accounts that the legendary discoverer of tin in Cornwall was originally a totally different character from the Irish saint, St. Kiran. If one might indulge in a conjecture, I should say that there probably was in the Celtic language, a root *kar*, which in the Cymric branch would assume the form *par*. Now *cair* in Gaelic means to dig, to raise; and from it a substantive might be derived, meaning digger or miner. In Ireland, *Kiran* seems to have been simply a proper name, like Smith or Baker, for there is nothing in the legends of St. Kiran that points to mining or smelting. In Cornwall, on the contrary, St. Piran, before he was engrafted on St. Kiran, was probably nothing but a personification or apotheosis of the Miner, as much as Dorus was the personification of the Dorians, and Brutus the first king of Britain.

The rule, "*noscitur a sociis*," may be applied to St. Piran. His friend and associate, St. Chywidenn, or St. White-house, is evidently a personification of the white-house, i.e. the smelting-house, without which St. Piran, the miner, would have been a very useless saint. If Chywidenn, i.e. the smelting-house,

became the St. Chywidenn, why should we look in the Cornish St. Piran for anything beyond Piran, i.e. the miner?

However, what is of importance to us for our present object is not St. Piran, but St. Chywidenn, the white-house or smelting-house. The question is, how can we, starting from Chywidenn, arrive at Jew-house? I am afraid we cannot do so without a jump or two; all we can do is to show that they are jumps which language herself is fond of taking, and which therefore we must not shirk, if we wish to ride straight after her.

Well, then, the first jump which language frequently takes is this, that instead of using a noun with a qualifying adjective, such as white-house, the noun by itself is used without any such qualification. This can, of course, be done with very prominent words only, words which are used so often, and which express ideas so constantly present to the mind of the speaker, that no mistake is likely to arise. In English, "the House" is used for the House of Commons; in later Latin "*domus*" was used for the House of God. In Greek *λίθος*, stone, in the feminine, is used for the magnet, originally *Μαγνητις λίθος*, while the masculine *λίθος* means a stone in general. In Cornwall, *ore* by itself means copper ore only, while tin ore is called black tin. In time, therefore, when the whole attention of Cornwall was absorbed by mining and smelting, and when smelting-houses were most likely the only large buildings that seemed to deserve the name of houses, there is nothing extraordinary in *tahey* or *dhyi*, even without *widden*, white, having become the recognised name for smelting-houses.

But now comes a second jump, and again one that can be proved to have been a very favourite one with many languages. When people speaking different languages live together in the same country, they frequently, in adopting a foreign term, add to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Thus *Portsmouth* is a name half Latin and half English. *Portus* was the Roman name given to the harbour. This was

adopted by the Saxons, but interpreted at the same time by a Saxon word, viz. *mouth*, which really means harbour. This interpretation was hardly intentional, but arose naturally. *Port* first became a kind of proper name, and then *mouth* was added, so that "the mouth of Port," i.e. of the place called *Portus* by the Romans, became at last Portsmouth. But this does not satisfy the early historians, and, as happens so frequently when there is anything corrupt in language, a legend springs up almost spontaneously to remove all doubts and difficulties. Thus we read in the venerable Saxon Chronicle under the year 501, "that Port came to Britain with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, with two ships, and their place was called Ports-mouth; and they slew a British man, a very noble man."¹ Such is the growth of legends, ay, and in many cases, the growth of history.

Formed on the same principle as Portsmouth we find such words as *Hayle-river*, the Cornish *hal* by itself meaning salt marsh, moor, or estuary; *Treville* or *Trou-ville*, where the Celtic *tre*, town, is explained by the French *vill*; the *Cotswold* Hills, where the Celtic word *cot*, wood, is explained by the Saxon *wold* or *weald*, a wood. In *Dun-bar-ton*, the Celtic word *dun*, hill, is explained by the Saxon *bar* for *byrig*, burg, *ton* being added to form the name of the town that rose up under the protection of the hill-castle. In *Penhow* the same process has been suspected; *how*, the German *Höhe*,² expressing nearly the same idea as *pen*, head. In Constantine, in Cornwall, one of the large stones with rock-basins is called the *Mén-rock*,³ rock being simply the interpretation of the Cornish *mén*.

If then we suppose that in exactly the same manner the people of Cornwall

spoke of *Tshey-houses*, or *Dshyi-houses*, is it so very extraordinary that this hybrid word should at last have been interpreted as *Jew-houses*? I do not say that the history of the word can be traced through all its phases with the same certainty as that of Marazion; all I maintain is that, in explaining its history, no step has been admitted that cannot be proved by sufficient evidence to be in strict keeping with the well-known movements, or, if it is respectful to say so, the well-known antics of language.

Thus vanish the Jews from Cornwall; but there still remain the *Saracens*. One is surprised to meet with *Saracens* in the West of England, still more, to hear of their having worked in the tin mines, like the Jews. In fact, according to some writers, *Saracens* is only another name for Jews, though no explanation is given why this detested name should have been applied to the Jews in Cornwall, and nowhere else. This view is held, for instance, by Carew, who writes:—"The Cornish maintain these works to have been very ancient, and first wrought by the Jews with pickaxes of holm, box, hartshorn; they prove this by the names of those places yet enduring, to wit, *Attall-Sazarin*; in English, the *Jews' Offcast*."

Camden (p. 69) says:—"We are taught from Diodorus and *Ethicus*, that the ancient Britons had worked hard at the mines, but the Saxons and Normans seem to have neglected them for a long time, or to have employed the labour of Arabs or *Saracens*, for the inhabitants call deserted shafts, *Attall-Sarasin*, i.e. the leavings of the *Saracens*."

Thus then we have not only the *Saracens* in Cornwall admitted as simply a matter of history, but their presence actually used in order to prove that the Saxons and Normans neglected to work the mines in the West of England.

A still more circumstantial account is given by Hals, as quoted by Gilbert in his *Parochial History of Cornwall*. Here we are told that King Henry III.,

¹ Saxon Chronicle, ed. Earle, p. 14, and his note, Preface, p. ix.

² This *how*, according to Prof. Earle, appears again in the *Hoe*, a high down at Plymouth, near the citadel; in *Hooton* (Cheshire), in *Hongate*, *Honce of Fife*, and other local names. See also Halliwell, s. v. *Hoes*, and Hogg; Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*, Nos. 563, 663, 734.

³ Huat, vol. i. p. 187.

by proclamation, let out all Jews in his dominions at a certain rent to such as would poll and rifle them, and amongst others to his brother Richard, King of the Romans, who, after he had plundered their estates, committed their bodies as his slaves, to labour in the tin-mines of Cornwall; the memory of whose workings is still preserved in the names of several tin works, called *Towle Sarasin*, and corruptly *Attall Saracen*; i.e. the refuse or outcast of Saracens; that is to say, of those Jews descended from Sarah and Abraham. Other works were called *Whele Etherson* (alias *Etherson*), the Jews' Works, or Unbelievers' Works, in Cornish.

Here we see how history is made; and if our inquiries led to no other result, they would still be useful as a warning against putting any implicit faith in the statements of writers who are separated by several centuries from the events they are relating. Here we have men like Carew and Camden, both highly cultivated, learned, and conscientious, and yet neither of them hesitating, in a work of an historical character, to assert as a fact, what, after making every allowance, can only be called a very bold guess. Have we any reason to suppose that Herodotus and Thucydides, when speaking of the original abodes of the various races of Greece, of their migrations, their wars and final settlements, had better evidence before them, or were more cautious in using their evidence, than Camden and Carew? And is it likely that modern scholars, however learned and however careful, can ever arrive at really satisfactory results by sifting and arranging and re-arranging the ethnological statements of the ancients, as to the original abodes or the later migrations of Pelasgians, and Tyrrhenians, Thracians, Macedonians, and Illyrians, or even of Dorians, Eolians, and Ionians? What is Carew's evidence in support of his statement that the Jews first worked the tin mines of Cornwall? Simply the sayings of the people in Cornwall, who support their sayings by the name given to deserted mines, *Attall Sazarin*. Now ad-

mitting that *Attall Sazarin*, or *Attall Sarasin* meant the refuse of the Saracens, how is it possible, in cold blood, to identify the Saracens with Jews, and where is there a tittle of evidence to prove that the Jews were the first to work these mines,—mines, be it remembered, which, according to the same Carew, were certainly worked before the beginning of our era?

But leaving the Jews of the time of Nero, let us examine the more definite and more moderate statements of Hall and Gilbert. According to them, the deserted shafts are called by a Cornish name, meaning the refuse of the Saracens, because, as late as the thirteenth century, the Jews were sent to work in these mines. It is difficult, no doubt, to prove a negative, and to show that no Jews ever worked in the mines of Cornwall. All that can be done, in a case like this, is to show that no one has produced an atom of evidence in support of Mr. Gilbert's opinion. The Jews were certainly ill-treated, plundered, tortured, and exiled during the reign of the Plantagenet kings; but that they were sent to the Cornish mines, no contemporary writer has ever ventured to assert. The passage in Matthew Paris, to which Mr. Gilbert most likely alludes, says the very contrary of what he draws from it. Matthew Paris says that Henry III. extorted money from the Jews, and that when they petitioned for a safe-conduct, in order to leave England altogether, he sold them to his brother Richard, "ut quos Rex excoriaverat, Comes evisceraret."¹ But this selling of the Jews meant no more than that, in return for money advanced him by his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, the king pawned to him, for a number of years, the taxes, legitimate or illegitimate, which could be extorted from the Jews. That this was the real meaning of the bargain between the king and his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, can be proved by the document printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. i. p. 543, "*De Judæis Comitibus assignatis, pro solutione pecuniæ*

¹ Matthew Paris, *Opera*, ed. Wats, p. 902.

sibi a Rege debita.¹ Anyhow, there is not a single word about the Jews having been sent to Cornwall, or having had to work in the mines. On the contrary, Matthew Paris says, *Comes pepercit eis*, "the Earl spared them."

After thus looking in vain for any truly historical evidence in support of Jewish settlements in Cornwall, I suppose they may in future be safely treated as a "verbal myth," of which there are more indeed, in different chapters of history, both ancient and modern, than is commonly supposed. As in Cornwall the name of a market has given rise to the fable of Jewish settlements, the name of another market in Finland led to the belief that there were Turks settled in that northern country. *Åbo*, the ancient capital of Finland, was called *Turku*, which is the Swedish word *torg*, market. Adam of Bremen, enumerating the various tribes adjoining the Baltic, mentions *Turci* among the rest, and these *Turci* were by others mistaken for Turks.² Even after such myths have been laid open to the very roots, there is a strong tendency not to drop them altogether. Thus Mr. H. Merivale is far too good an historian to admit the presence of Jews in Cornwall as far back as the destruction of Jerusalem.³ He knows there is no evidence for it, and he would not repeat a mere fable, however plausible. Yet Marazion and the Jews' houses evidently linger in his memory, and he throws out a hint that they may find an historical explanation in the fact that under the Plantagenet kings the Jews commonly farmed or wrought the mines. Is there any contemporary evidence even for this? I do not think so. Dr. Borlase, indeed, in his *Natural History of Cornwall* (p. 190), says, "In the time of King John, I find the product of 'tin in this county very inconsiderable,

"the right of working for tin being as yet wholly in the king, the property of tinnors precarious and unsettled, and what tin was raised was engrossed and managed by the Jews, to the great regret of the barons and their vassals." It is a pity that Dr. Borlase should not have given his authority, but there is little doubt that he simply quoted from Carew. Carew tells us how the Cornish gentlemen borrowed money from the merchants of London, giving them tin as security (p. 14); and though he does not call the merchants Jews, yet he speaks of them as usurers, and of their "cut throats and abominable dealing." He continues afterwards, speaking of the same usurers (p. 16), "After such time as the Jewes by their extreme dealing had worne themselves, first out of the love of the English inhabitants, and afterwards out of the land itselfe, and so left the mines unwrought, it hapned, that certaine gentlemen, being lords of seven tithings in Blackmoore, whose grounds were best stored with this minnerall, grewe desirous to renew this benefit," &c. To judge from several indications, this is really the passage which Dr. Borlase had before him when writing of the Jews as engrossing and managing the tin that was raised, and in that case neither is Carew a contemporary witness, nor would it follow from what he says, that one single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil, or that any Jews ever tasted the actual bitterness of working in the mines.

Having thus disposed of the Jews, we now turn to the Saracens in Cornwall. We shall not enter upon the curious and complicated history of that name. It is enough to refer to a short note in Gibbon,¹ in order to show that

¹ See *Reymeri Fudera*, A.D. 1255, tom. i. p. 543.

² See Adam Bremensis' *De Situ Danie*, ed. Lindenbruch, p. 136; Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 275.

³ Carew, *Survey* (ed. 1602), p. 8; "and perhaps under one of those Flavians, the Jewish workmen made here their first arrival."

¹ Gibbon, cap. i. The name which, used by Ptolemy and Pliny in a more confined, by Ammianus and Procopius in a larger sense, has been derived, ridiculously, from Sarah, the wife of Abraham, obscurely from the village of Saraka, more plausibly from the Arabic words, which signify a *thierish* character, or *Oriental* situation. Yet the last and most popular of these etymologies is refuted by Ptolemy, who expressly remarks the western and southern

Saracen was a name known to Greeks and Romans, long before the rise of Islam, but never applied to the Jews by any writer of authority, not even by those who saw in the Saracens "the children of Sarah."

What, then, it may be asked, is the origin of the expression *Attal Sarasin* in Cornwall? *Attal*, or *Atal*, is a Cornish word, the Welsh *Athail*, and means refuse. As to *Sarasin*, it is most likely another Cornish word, which, by a metamorphic process, has been slightly changed in order to yield some sense intelligible to Saxon speakers. We find in Cornish *tarad*, meaning a piercer, a borer; and, in another form, *tardar* is distinctly used, together with axe and hammer, as the name of a mining imple-

position of the Saracens, then an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt. The appellation cannot therefore allude to any national character; and, since it was imported by strangers, it must be found, not in the Arabic, but in a foreign language.

ment. The Latin *taratrum*, Gr. *τίρτρον*, Fr. *tarière*, all come from the same source. If from *tarad* we form a plural, we get *taradion*. In modern Cornish we find that *d* sinks down to *s*, which would give us *taras*,¹ and plural *tarasion*. Next, the final *l* of *atal* may, like several final *l*'s in the closely allied language of Brittany, have infected the initial *t* of *tarasion*, and changed it to *th*, which *th*, again, would, in modern Cornish, sink down to *s*.² Thus *atal tharasion* might have been intended for the refuse of the borings, possibly the refuse of the mines, but pronounced in Saxon fashion it might readily have been mistaken for the *Atal* or refuse of the *Sarasion* or Saracens.

¹ "It may be given as a rule, without exception, that words ending with *t* or *d* in Welsh or Briton, do, if they exist in Cornish, turn *t* or *d* to *s*."—*Norris*, vol. ii. p. 237.

² "The frequent use of *th* instead of *s* shows that (in Cornish) the sound was not so definite as in English."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 224.

VOLUNTEER HOSPITAL NURSING.

BY ELIZABETH GARRETT, L.S.A.

Read at the Tenth Annual Meeting of the National Association for the promotion of Social Science, Manchester, 1866.

THE question of hospital nursing is one which has received, during the last ten years, considerable attention, and which excites interest among people not immediately connected with hospital administration.

It may be noticed, in the first place, that in the discussion of the question, no doubt has been raised as to the value of good nursing. Thanks to Miss Nightingale, most people have some notion of what nursing should be; every one wishes it to be good, and every one agrees that, to be so, it should be in the hands of trustworthy and intelligent women. Unanimity even goes a step beyond this; for those who are in a position to decide upon the merits of our present system, agree in

saying that it wants reform. The point of divergence is reached when we ask for a plan upon which the reform shall be based. Hospital nursing, like most other employments, may be undertaken in either of two ways; that is, in what may be briefly described as the commercial way, where the work is chosen primarily for the sake of the income to be gained by doing it, or in the philanthropic or religious way, where the work is done gratuitously. The words "commercial" and "religious" must be understood as referring only to the motive for the choice of an employment, not necessarily to the spirit in which it is done. Commercial work may be done religiously, or religious work commercially.

The commercial method is that which has till quite recently prevailed in all our hospitals. The main point at issue between those who discuss the question of hospital reform is whether it shall be continued, or whether it shall give place to the religious or volunteer method.

It will clear the ground for the consideration of this question, to state briefly the distinctive features of the present system and its rival.

In the majority of English civil hospitals the nursing department is under the control of the matron. Choosing the nurses, and overlooking them, form two of her most important duties.

The nursing staff consists of two classes: the head nurses and the under nurses. The former are in some hospitals called sisters, to distinguish them from the under nurses. These are again divided into night and day nurses. The head nurses are responsible for from thirty to fifty patients; they give medicines, attend to the surgical dressings, receive the medical directions for each patient, keep order in the wards, serve out the dinners, and see that the actual attendance upon the patients is given by the under nurses. As a rule they are skilful, experienced, kindly people, very well suited to their work. They usually belong to the lower section of the middle class, are the widows of small tradesmen or clerks, or less frequently they have been confidential domestic servants. Their salary varies from 20*l.* to 50*l.* a year, with board and residence.

The under nurses wait upon the patients, assist the sister in her duties, and in many cases clean the wards. One nurse is found to be enough for fourteen or fifteen patients, so that every head nurse has two or three under nurses beneath her. The latter are, as a rule, vastly inferior to the head nurses both in intelligence and character. They are commonly below the class of second or even third rate domestic servants; if they were not nurses, one would expect them to be maids-of-all-work, scrubs, or charwomen. They receive about 10*l.* or 12*l.* a year,

with partial board, or board wages. From them again there is an apparent descent to the night nurses. I believe it is apparent only, and that actually they are much on a level, the night nurses seeming worse only because more is required of them, and because they are left for several hours entirely without supervision. When they do not live in the hospital, they eke out their scanty incomes by working the greater part of the day, and consequently they come to the hospital hoping to be able to sleep the greater part of the night. On the whole, ordinary hospital nursing may be described as a mixture of good, indifferent, and bad—the head nurses being often very good, the under nurses fairly good when under supervision, and bad when left without it.

In contrast to this, the volunteer method puts the nursing department into the hands of ladies who, having elected to do the work, are interested in doing it well. The main difference is, that the control no longer rests with the matron, and that at least the higher part of the nursing is done gratuitously. The head nurses are replaced by ladies to whom the under nurses are directly responsible. At King's College and University College Hospitals in London, where this method has been introduced, there is but one opinion as to the immense improvement in the nursing since the change was effected. The *Lancet* has recently given emphatic testimony on the same point. Referring to the volunteer help given during the cholera epidemic, it says, "The nursing by 'ladies is the very best nursing that 'England has yet seen;' and it prophesies that we cannot long refuse to adopt a system 'which embodies intelligence, the keenest sympathy, refinement,' and, as it might have added, 'economy.'" In fact, the advantages to the patients and to the hospitals are so great and so obvious, that it is astonishing to find anyone blind to them. It is *all* gain to them to get in the place of paid servants, ladies who are willing to do the work for nothing in a peculiarly admirable manner. But admitting the supe-

riority of ladies as nurses, it is still possible to question the wisdom of asking them to take up nursing as a profession. No amount of medical testimony in favour of their fitness for the work is of much avail when we are asking, "Is the work fit for *them*?" The *Lancet* says it is, apparently on the ground that the volunteer cholera nurses, in spite of very hard work, continued in excellent health. And in truth the "health and strength" argument, as it may be called, is entirely with those who advocate nursing by volunteers. There is very little room for doubt that most ladies would find the work of hospital nursing positively invigorating. Constant exercise in large and airy wards, employment of the kind which prevents morbid introspection or continuous mental exertion, absence of anxiety, regular and early hours, simple diet, and a life at least much less dull than that of most single women, combine to form a sum of conditions under which the health of most ladies would rapidly improve. The volunteer nurses in the cholera hospitals were by no means above the average standard of health, and among them there was but one opinion as to the hygienic effect of the work. One lady who had suffered daily from neuralgia for seven years, lost it entirely from the day she came to the hospital; several agreed in saying they took more food in a day than they had before taken in a week, and in all there was the unmistakeable look of healthy vigour. But the argument drawn from these facts has less weight when we reflect upon the beneficial influence of any regular work done with spirit and interest. It tells strongly in favour of doing something, but it does not decide what it is best to do. The question remains, "Is it for the advantage of the whole community that "hospital nursing should be accepted as "an unpaid profession by women of the "educated classes?" To answer this, it is necessary to consider the subject of unpaid *versus* paid labour somewhat broadly, not merely with reference to the special point at issue.

It will probably be conceded that wherever the circumstances of society and of the individual permit a choice of work, there are two points to be considered; namely, the appropriateness of the individual for any special work, and of that particular work for him. A small amount of thought shows us that these two points require consideration in a kind of inverse proportion. The quality which our American friends have named "faculty" fits its possessor to acquire skill in doing almost anything he attempts to do, but the power of doing small things well ought not to be used as a fetter to bind him perpetually to the doing of them. The same is true of women. A lady who, with very little training, does hospital nursing in a first-rate way, is, *à priori*, likely to be able to do much more difficult things; and the question is whether it is desirable, for the sake of saving money to the hospital, to limit her permanently to work of so subordinate a character? What we want to know is, if hospital nursing can *only* be done well by gentlewomen,—if the qualities which fit them for many employments pledge them, as it were, to *this*? For it must be remembered that, in virtue of their position and their advantages, cultivated women are bound to discriminate in the choice of work. As education multiplies power, the moral obligation of making a choice is also increased. If the highest work is to be done at all, those capable of doing it must be content to leave the easier work to others, to recognise that they are bound not to do it, but to leave it undone for the sake of those to whom it is the highest possible. True social economy demands not only that every one should do something, but that every one should do his *best*. The advantage of getting moderately easy work exceptionally well done for nothing is apparent only if those who do it are prevented from doing other equally useful work for which those whom they displace are entirely unfit. It is generally admitted now, that in a well-ordered household the mistress ought not to do the domestic work herself, if she can afford to

keep servants; although in virtue of her superior refinement she is peculiarly capable of doing it well. For experience has shown that when she gives up her time to petty domestic businesses the higher duties of her position get neglected; so that as there are appropriate people glad to do her cooking and dusting as a means of getting their living, her duty is to see that *they* do them, and to reserve herself for work which they cannot do. I would suggest that what is true of domestic management is true also of hospital nursing. Admirably as ladies can nurse, the actual work of nursing is not much more appropriate to them than that of cooking or dusting in their own homes. It is not true that hospital nursing cannot be well done by women of inferior rank and culture, and therefore it cannot be entirely desirable that those of a higher class should spend their time in doing it.

The difficulties in the way of good hospital nursing would, I believe, be completely removed, by the introduction of two reforms into the old commercial system. In the first place the scale of wages should be uniformly raised to the present maximum rate. In the official report on hospitals made to the Privy Council in 1863 by Dr. Bristowe and Mr. Holmes, much of the improvement observed in the nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital is attributed to the higher salaries given to the nurses since the Nightingale training institution was associated with the hospital. The reporters state that while the old rate of wages was, for the head nurses £40 to £50 a year without board, and for the under nurses 10s. to 13s. per week, without board, the present rate is £50 and £21 respectively, *with board*, and that this higher scale has been sufficient to gain for the hospital the services of a very superior class of women. Respectably clever women will not take the post of under nurse at the present minimum rate of hospital pay, and of course where the salaries are so low that none but intemperate charwomen will think of taking them, the nursing is as bad as intemperate charwomen can

make it. The wages should be sufficient to attract respectable women of the rank of good domestic servants, that is, they should be somewhat above that which the people who are wanted could get in service, as an under nurse's life is necessarily less comfortable than that of most domestic servants.

In the second place I would suggest that the supervision, now confined to the day, should be extended to the night. Nursing requires more thought and attention than the routine work of domestic servants; and, therefore, even fairly good under nurses should have over them one who would give them even more than the supervision which a careful mistress gives to her servants.

It is not easy to see why the superior work of supervision should be done by unpaid labourers. It is the kind of work which many women, who have to support themselves, could do exceedingly well; and the keen demand for remunerated work, among women of the educated class, makes it desirable to open as many such situations as possible.

The amount of employment thus opened would not be great, as probably not more than 200 such situations could be offered to women if all the hospitals in the United Kingdom agreed to use the services of paid lady superintendents. Excluding workhouse infirmaries, there are only about 100 hospitals in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Two or three of these in the rural districts are too small to require more supervision than the matron ought to be able to give, and this is the case also with a few of the small special hospitals in London. On the other hand, several of the large metropolitan hospitals could perhaps employ three ladies, so that the rough calculation of two for each hospital containing more than fifty beds, will not be far from accurate.

It may be said that the objections here expressed to ladies doing the work of the head nurses does not apply to those who, though very much in need of employment, are not likely to do

anything higher than nursing. It sounds very plausible to say, "Here are a number of unemployed women, pining for work, not in need of payment, glad indeed to do the work of a head nurse for nothing, and not at all likely to enter into any more difficult work. Surely they may offer to give their time to the service of the sick poor?"

I admit that to say No, sounds somewhat hard, but the hardship is removed by the simple expedient of their taking the salary which should rightly go with the work. It is not fair to the women to whom work is bread, for those to whom it is luxury, to come into the market and cheapen its price by giving what the others have to sell. The notion that there are crowds of women eager to do hard work for nothing, very much increases the difficulty of those who have to live by their work. It would be far better that it should be accepted as a point of honour among women, as it is among professional men, to take without question the salary or fee which belongs to any post or work even when the recipient is not without some private income. The difficulty of spending the extra money need never be great or permanent, or the salary could be returned indirectly to the hospital.

But it may farther be asked, Why have not ladies the right to give their services when the hospital physicians and surgeons give theirs?

The answer to this is, that the cases are in no degree parallel. True, the medical staff usually receive no payment for their services, and even where a medical school is connected with the hospital, the fees received by its teachers are too small to be of any moment.

But, on the other hand, the immense advantage of hospital practice far more than repays anyone enjoying it, for the time and labour it costs; the amount expended being indeed very much less than it would be in the case of a lady who made the wards her home.

Perhaps the only class of volunteer nurses to whom the objections now raised do not apply, are those to whose

exertions we owe the recent renewal of the discussion; those namely who come forward to give extra help in times of emergency. But there is no reason, because the ordinary staff of nurses are paid, why in times of sudden and unusual difficulty extra volunteer help should not be both offered and accepted. To help heartily for a month or two is very different from taking the routine work as an unpaid profession. In fact it may fairly be doubted if the whole benefit of the help in the cholera wards would have remained, had volunteer nurses been quite *en règle* in the hospitals. Their presence was then all the more valuable because no one could take it quite as a matter of course; half the good they did (and it would be difficult to say *how much* this was) in cheering and encouraging every one, was due to the fact that neither the patients, the medical officers, nor the regular nurses were accustomed to their presence; the stimulus was felt the more from its being a novelty.

Briefly recapitulating, in conclusion, the opinions now expressed, it is intended:—

1. That hospital nursing can be very well done by women of the lower middle class.

2. That the payment necessary to secure the services of appropriate people need not exceed 50*l.* a year for the head nurses, 21*l.* a year for the under nurses, with board and residence.

3. That each head nurse thus paid could, if the size and arrangement of the wards permitted it, attend to not less than fifty patients, and every under nurse, in ordinary circumstances, to fourteen or fifteen.

4. That the influence of a lady superintendent over the nurses would be exceedingly good, as combining the principal advantage of the volunteer method with the advantages of the present system.

5. That the office of lady superintendent is one which should be held by a trained and qualified person, and that a salary should be given which a lady of the educated class would be glad to

take; for instance not less than 150*l.* with board and rooms.

6. That the employment which a general adoption of this plan would open to educated women is too limited to justify its advocates in thinking of nursing as a profession for ladies, in

the sense in which the word profession is commonly used. Two hundred such situations represent the maximum number ever likely to be offered, and the probable number would be very much below this.

PHILOSOPHY IN CUNEIFORM.¹

BY THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON.

WE hope that orthodoxy in the interpretation of cuneiform scripture is not an essential article of faith. One of our contemporaries, indeed, has observed, *à-propos* of Count de Gobineau's onslaught upon the conclusions of such men as Rawlinson, Oppert, Hinks, Norris, and Mordtmann, that from time to time persons are found capable of disputing the Newtonian philosophy and the modern calculus. We do not wish to be classed among these obnoxious representatives of the temerity which is *audax omnia perpeti*; although we must frankly confess that the discoveries of the cuneiform interpreters do not appear to us as unquestionable as those of Newton. Whether the mysterious characters which cover the ruins of Khorsabad and Behistun are, as Sir Henry Rawlinson affirms, historical records, or, as they are now asserted to be by Count de Gobineau, merely talismanic inscriptions, we are scarcely concerned even to inquire. Such a question, in the present stage of it at least, can have but little interest for any but the distinguished archaeologists between whom it is disputed. There are some books, however, which it is more profitable to *notice* than to *criticise*; and this of Count de Gobineau's is decidedly one

of them. We have perused it with an interest wholly unconnected with the controversial character of a great portion of its contents.

The arguments whereby Count de Gobineau defends his rejection of the method devised by Grotefend, and adopted by Sir Henry Rawlinson, M. Oppert, and others, for the interpretation of these cuneiform texts, are firstly, that it is founded upon an unproved and *à priori* assumption that the monuments on which these texts are inscribed are of a particular date, and of royal foundation, and that, consequently, the inscriptions themselves must be historical records. Secondly, that the three "species" of Botta's classification have been gratuitously referred to three utterly unknown languages: a reference which the Count asserts to be unjustifiable in face of the notorious longevity of all that is Asiatic. Sir Henry Rawlinson assigns the texts of the first species to a language which he calls Bactrian: and Count de Gobineau, asserting that, subsequent to an early period in the Seleucidian era, no trace of any such language can be found, insists upon the improbability of its untimely extinction before that date. He scouts the so-called *Medic* of the second species, as an ingenious invention of M. Norris, and ridicules the kinship claimed for this language with the Hungarian and Ostiac. He treats the "*Assyrian*" of

¹ "Traité des Écritures Cunéiformes," par le Comte de Gobineau, Ministre de France en Perse. Two vols. Firmin Didot, Frères, et Cie. Imprimerie de l'Institut. 1864.

the third species from the same point of view; and, in short, denies that, subsequent to the period at which historic information begins (about 200 B.C.) so many as three completely formed and distinct languages could possibly have flourished and disappeared so entirely as to leave behind them no uttered or written remnant of their existence. Numerous passages of the Hebrew prophets preserve to us fragments of a language which the writers themselves call "Assyrian," or, more properly speaking, Aramaic, as, for instance, the letter of Artaxerxes copied by Ezra (c. iv.) and stated by him to be written in "the Syrian tongue." The roots of this language Count de Gobineau asserts to be the same as those of the Syriac and Arabic still spoken. And, finally, he bespeaks attention to two intaglios, of which an engraving is given in his book, and which he attributes to the latter period of the Arsacid Dynasty. From the character of these medals, as they appear in the Count's engraving, we should (ourselves) be tempted to suppose that they might even belong to a somewhat later period. But, if they are genuine, it would certainly be impossible to refer them to an earlier date than the second century of the Christian era; that is to say, six centuries subsequent to the time when the cuneiform character must, according to the Rawlinsonian theory, have ceased to be in use. Yet these medals bear inscriptions in a character which the Count unhesitatingly asserts to be cuneiform. How far such an opinion is well founded we have absolutely no means of judging. The most acquiescent of his readers can only be expected to take it *ad referendum*: and experienced students of cuneiform writing will, doubtless, regard with justifiable suspicion the characters roughly reproduced in the woodcut before us (vol. ii. p. 264) which, though certainly arrow-headed, appear to be very much coarser, clumsier, and more rudimental, than the fine and delicate letters on the walls of Persepolis and Behistun. One of Sir Henry Rawlinson's disciples, indeed, goes so far as to ex-

press the opinion that the letters on these medals of the Arsacidæ exhibited by Count de Gobineau, are "either Greek or Bactro-Parthian." What Bactro-Parthian letters may be like, the present writer is incompetent even to surmise; but the letters in question certainly appear to have no resemblance whatever to the structure of the archaic Hellenic characters.

Our readers, however, will perhaps be more interested to learn what Count de Gobineau has to offer us in exchange for the results of the Rawlinsonian theory than to discuss the arguments with which he assails them. The whole foundation of his own theory is fixed in a conviction that the character of the Oriental mind is too essentially conservative to have entirely survived any of its earlier forms of thought or utterance. He finds still in actual use throughout Africa and Arabia, and especially in Persia and parts of Turkey, a variety of talismanic alphabets, the characters of which appear to him to be only slight modifications of the ancient cuneiform; and he arrives at the conclusion that the latter is decipherable by the methods which are yet adopted, by the Eastern adepts, for deciphering the former. According to his theory the cuneiform texts are composed from phonetic and alliterated alphabets, destitute of vowels, and consisting of letters the value of which is in the sound they represent. Furthermore, the Aramaic language, to which the Count refers the alphabets of the first species, would appear (according to his view of it, in which, if we understand him rightly, he embraces the primitive forms of all the Semitic languages) to furnish neither verbs nor nouns, properly so called, but simple roots, expressive only of some abstract idea or concept, such as goodness, beauty, power, &c. The texts thus resolve themselves into a series of philosophical or theological ejaculations, each of which expresses two entirely antagonistic senses; the one laudatory, the other imprecatory; the sign which, if read in one way, expresses the conception of goodness,

power, light, or life, equally and simultaneously expressing, if read in another way, that of evil, weakness, darkness, or death.

Our not unnatural curiosity is, assuredly, much better satisfied by Sir Henry Rawlinson's cheerful assurance that a series of bewildering scratches on the stones of Behistun contain the announcement that . . . "These are the men who were alone there, when I slew Gomatas the Magian, who was called 'Bardiya,' &c. than by the comfortless conviction expressed by his French opponent, that they imply nothing more intelligible than some such lugubrious litany as this :—

"He! He! He! He! The Eternal! the Creator! the Protector!
"He! He! He! He! The Fleeting! the Terrible! the Oppressive!"

and so on *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. But in maintaining the purely talismanic or religious character of these cuneiform texts, Count de Gobineau claims special attention to the fact that precisely the same text is to be found repeatedly inscribed upon the lintels, along the cornices, along the window-sills, under and over the doors, about the roofs, and across the floors and pavements of the buildings in which they have been discovered. And on this fact he raises, with some plausibility, the question whether it is consistent with all that is known to us of Oriental society, and its habits in every age, to suppose that an Eastern despot would, in past times, have chosen for the monumental inscription of his exploits, places where those records must have been daily trodden under foot by his own slaves, or half-hidden from notice among the roofs and doors and windows of his dwelling. Is it not more conceivable, he asks, that such inscriptions, repeating, as they appear to do, precisely the same formulas about the thresholds and the roofs, the windows, porches, and pavements of an ancient Oriental palace, should be invocations of Divine protection, or simply talismanic precautions against the entry of evil spirits, &c. ?

Now, as our present purpose is neither to discuss nor to qualify, but merely to notice, these theories of Count de Gobineau, we have, in justice to his Excellency, endeavoured to summarise thus briefly only that portion of his general argument which is at all appreciable by the common sense of readers who, like ourselves, may be either indisposed or unfitted to follow him, step by step, through all the technical details of the complicated philological inquiry to which a great part of his work is devoted. It must be borne in mind that the Count's hypothesis can only be verified by a philological scholarship to which we do not pretend, in a strict examination of those details which we purposely avoid.

No one, however, who has any knowledge at all of Eastern society can doubt the extent to which a belief in the efficacy of charms and talismans is still prevalent amongst Orientals. And Count de Gobineau recounts many curious instances of it which have come under his personal observation (vol. ii. p. 203 and p. 344). The vivacity of the imaginative faculty, peculiar to Orientals, habitually shaping, as it does, the mind and manners of a society which finds in its own philosophy no refuge from the fear of force or accident, involves all conditions and estates of life in one common sentiment of uncertainty. To the open hostilities of nature Oriental experience adds the secret snares of fortune, in a society of which every member is reduced by despotism to live in unstable dependence on the lawless turns and whims of an unchallenged and arbitrary power. All human conceptions are but the product of human sensations. They represent the idealized experience of mankind; and, without inquiring how far the religious belief of a nation is the outcome of its national character, or the national character, on the contrary, a result of the national creed, we find in history and experience ample proof that mankind's conception of the Divine power and providence has varied in all ages and countries according to man's varying experiences

of human government. To the subject of Oriental despotism, the King of kings has ever been Himself an Almighty Despot, whose only law is in His will; whilst to the modern citizen of Western civilization, whose conceptions are shaped from the associations of constitutional societies, the Supreme Lawgiver has no will to violate His own laws. But, throughout the East, all those evils with which man is menaced by the external world in which he lives are as nothing in comparison with the invisible malice wherewith his imagination surrounds him. The learned Rabbi, Abba Benyamyn, calculates that if the human eye were capable of seeing all that is before it, the human brain would shrivel, paralysed by the horror of the sight. Against these invisible forces, hostile to humanity, which Mahomet declares to be more numerous than humanity itself, the sage appeals to the "Divine Cause" of the creation in which he is placed at so great a disadvantage; and seeks defence in the talismanic employment of the Almighty Name.

This general use of talismanic formulas and inscriptions necessarily involves a belief in the power of words to produce supernatural effects, if they are properly arranged for that purpose. The magicians and enchanters of Oriental antiquity were, for this reason, also the *Grammarians*. In the numerous works of Oriental grammarians which Count de Gobineau seems to have consulted with laborious patience, he professes to have found not only the explanation, but also the original denomination of the cuneiform characters. "Of the word '*hasek*,' he says (vol. ii. p. 377), which is the name of the writing thus employed, 'we have a direct and clear explanation in the Aramaic *kuz*, thorn; which 'we have already seen to be the denomination of the three verticals forming the *tadj* (or mystic crown) of certain letters in use among the Hebrews. 'And the connexion is rendered more certain by the fact that, in the first place, the Jews pronounce the *P* as 'the Arabs pronounce the *Ç* and even 'harder still; and, in the second place,

"*hasek* in Persian signifies *aloes*, the "thorniest of all plants. What we "now name 'cuneiform writing,' therefore, was called by the ancients 'Thorn "writing;' *kuz*, in the Aramaic, *hasek* "by the Arabs and Persians."

But what, after all, is the philosophy which, if we are to credit the statements of Count de Gobineau, has inspired these cuneiform inscriptions?

God is one and eternal (*ashed* and *geyyam*), the abstract Entity and universal Unity, say all the texts. His name is unknown to man; and the only expression of it which can be uttered by man is contained in the simple pronoun *hu*, He! This is the fundamental idea of the Semitic mind, in all its manifestations; and the awful sound which expresses the Divine Unity, is pronounced only in trembling by the Arab, the Jew, and the Chaldean—more scrupulous in this than the Aryan races. "Still more timidly, in proportion as "they believed themselves to be approaching nearer to the Holy of Holies, "they murmured low the name of " 'Adonai,' 'the Lord;' but when philosophy had, in its audacity, put "together the word '*Jehovah*,' they "thought themselves so near to the great "secret that they bowed the head in "fear, wrote the tetragram, and dared "not pronounce it" (vol. ii. p. 117).

The Asiatic mind finds no difficulty in attributing, without irreverence, to one and the same source all that is evil as well as all that is good. For in the perfect substance of the Divine Unity it sees the *alpha* and the *omega*, the end as well as the origin of whatever is—nay, even of whatever is *not*. God, according to this conception of His nature, is, indeed, neither good nor evil, properly speaking, in any human sense. But in Him is the supreme authorship and justification of all that man calls evil, no less than of all that man calls good. The prophet Isaiah expresses this idea forcibly. "I form the light, and create the "darkness; I make peace; and create "evil. . . I, the Lord, do all these "things" (xlvi. 7). In the fifth verse

of the same chapter Jehovah says, through the mouth of the prophet, "I am the Lord, and there is none else. "There is no God beside me." This is, *totidem verbis*, the formula which Count de Gobineau extracts from the cuneiform texts—"He is God: and there is no God but He." He is a Being, not to be questioned, but obeyed. He reveals Himself to those only whom He chooses: but woe to those that misconceive Him. His justice resides only in His will and power. The writers of the Hebrew Scriptures demand nothing more; and Mahomet, expressing the same Semitic sentiments, makes Moses, in the seventh Surat of the Koran, thus address the Deity,—“Thou wilt lead “into error whom Thou pleasest, and “Thou wilt direct whom Thou pleasest.” And the Almighty answers him —“I will inflict my punishment on whom I please.” It is not here the place to consider how far the modern Calvinist is an unconscious plagiarist from the ancient Chaldean. But it is to be observed that no Chaldee, Hebrew, or Arabic writer is ever shocked by the appearance of self-contradiction or inconsistency in the varying manifestations of the Divine will. In the Book of Numbers the Supreme King repents of His permission to Balaam to visit Balaak, and again countermands His second injunction to the prophet to refuse the invitation of the prince; yet, by the way, He reproves and reprimands Balaam (who on each occasion has strictly obeyed His commands) for taking Him too readily at His word. In all such apparent inconsistencies the Chaldean philosophy recognises, without surprise, the necessary and inevitable *edads*, or reverse actions, of the Divine Name. Hence the double sense attributed by our interpreter to the cuneiform tests. The same feature is detected by the Rabbins in the parable or *mesil* of the son of Peor; which expresses a blessing upon Israel, but which may also, by the application of their *nezyrhé*, be construed as an unequivocal malediction. As, for instance, the verses rendered in the

English text—“Behold, I have received “commandment to bless, and He hath “blessed: and I cannot reverse it. “He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, “neither hath He seen perverseness in “Israel. The Lord his God is with “him, and the shout of a king is “amongst them. God brought them “out of Egypt: he hath, as it were, the “strength of a unicorn. Surely there “is no enchantment against Jacob, “neither is there any divination against “Israel.”

Now, these verses, if taken simply as a plain statement of fact, must appear strangely irreconcilable with all that we have previously been told of a people which, only just before this, was plagued with serpents for misbehaviour, reproved in Zin for rebellion, decimated in Paran by fire and earthquake for disobedience, yet in whom Balaam now declares that their Heavenly Ruler has seen neither iniquity nor perversity. Nor is it intelligible why this kingless tribe should be specially characterized as having the shout of a king amongst them. But the learned Jew perceives in all these dark sayings only the exquisite art of a masterpiece of alliterated composition in which “more is meant than meets the ear,” and in which the words are carefully arranged, with a view not to their plain, but to their mystical, sense; involving an *edad* to the following effect:—“This is the curse of my knowledge, and I gather therefrom no blessing. The organic powers are not with “Jacob, nor is there any seer that hath “effect in Israel. Jehovah, His word “is with this people (the Moabites), and “the shout of their king is in Him. “The word of the Most High hath gone “forth upon those that are come out “of Egypt, and His strength is that “of a unicorn, because there is no divination in Jacob, nor any oracle in “Israel.” The text includes, in the same characters, the two senses; and the Jews appear, from sundry passages of their Scripture, to have been aware of this at an early date. Thus the prophet Nehemiah says (xiii. 2) that the Amorites and Moabites “hired

"Balaam against them (the children of Israel) that he might curse them: 'howbeit our God turned the curse 'into a blessing.'" And a similar allusion to this fact occurs in Joshua. So then, in the opinion of the Jews themselves, there *was* a curse in the words of Balaam; a curse which God rejected by accepting only the benedictory sense of them.

It is not, however, in the early history of the Semitic races only that we discover the influence of this antique inexorable theology, tending, on the one side, to evaporate in a purely passionless Pantheism, too impalpable and volatile for the firm grasp of practical morality, and on the other side, to degenerate into the coarsest Anthropomorphism. Mr. Cox, speaking of the gods of Homer, observes, that "even those gods who 'rise to a far higher ideal exhibit *characters the most variable, and actions the most inconsistent. The same being is at different times,—nay, almost at the same time,—just and iniquitous, truthful and false, temperate and debauched.*"¹ This is surprising to Mr. Cox. But would it have surprised the writer of the following text (always supposing, for the sake of present inquiry, that Count de Gobineau rightly interprets it)?

"The ancient of days, the seer, the serene, it is he! the immoveable, the lord, the only one!

The abject, the impure, the culpable, ruin, distortion, discord, wrath!"²

Mr. Grote is satisfied to stop half way at the probability "that these legends 'could all be traced, by means of allegory, into a coherent body of physical doctrine.'"³ We agree with Mr. Cox that this is avoiding the difficulty, rather than grappling with it, and that "it leaves the origin of this theology 'and the question of its contradictions 'just where it found them.'" But Mr. Cox himself, who thinks that by looking

further East we may find "a key not 'merely to the mythology of Greece, 'but to that of the whole Aryan race, "—nay, even to a wider system still,"¹ gets no further than the Vedas, which leave him as perplexed as before. Mr. Gladstone, seeking confirmation of his own ingenious theories in the Jewish writings during and after the captivity,² seems to us to come nearer to the solution of the enigma, when he points out the double nature of Poseidon, who shares the attributes of God with those of the devil,³ and suggests that these early Hellenic traditions, traceable "either in the ancient or the 'more recent books of the Bible,"⁴ are to be referred to an "epoch when the 'covenant of God with man, and the 'promise of a Messiah, had not yet 'fallen within the contracted forms of 'Judaism for shelter.'"⁵

We shall, indeed, find, almost wherever we may turn, evidence of the various and varying influence of this early theology: the origin of which is, possibly, more remote in time than the dispersion of races; and of which the doctrine may have been inherited from some common primæval source no less by the Jew than by the Gentile: though it was subsequently opposed and restricted by the more limited Deism of the later Jewish orthodoxy.

The "*sha*" of these cuneiform texts (as deciphered by Count de Gobineau) expresses, in one and the same sound, the words God and WILL; which also seem to be more or less identified in the phraseology, as they certainly are in the philosophy, of the earlier Jewish and Arabic writers. Without the Divine Will, nothing is, nor can be. But by the *passive* existence of the Divine Will alone (if that could be conceived) nothing is moved, nothing is made. The act of creation, therefore, presupposes a direct *emanation* of the Divine Substance: a force of some kind making the *will* one

¹ "Tales of the Gods and Heroes," p. 4, a charming little book.

² Vol. ii. p. 89—92.

³ "History of Greece," vol. i. pp. 2, 3.

¹ "Tales of the Gods and Heroes," p. 26.

² "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 50.

³ *Ibid.* p. 164.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 50.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 3.

with the *act*. Hence, issues from the bosom of the Infinite Being, with which it is coeval, coexistent, and coequal, the great Probola; of which the sanctity and significance, not only contain, but exceed the sum of the universe. This divine Probola is *Gaul*, THE WORD. And when the Word is uttered its action is instantaneous. There can be no question here of the Almighty creating the world out of nothing; for, as we have seen, the Divine Unity includes the nothing as well as the all. The Chaldean creation, therefore is simply a manifestation in sense—an impression on time and space—of God active. It is, in short, the material expression of the Divine substance in its Triune capacity as God the Being, God the Will, and God the Word.

All the Emanations and Forces, all the Elohim and Probola, being, in point of fact, not only contained in God, but actually God Himself (though not God in His entirety), are occasionally allowed, in ordinary language, to serve as synonyms of the Great Unity: the part, as it were, standing for the whole by a figure of speech which philosophy admits and understands as an illustration rather than a statement. Thus, the three angels who visit Lot in Sodom and Abraham on the plains of Mamre, being only three emanations or manifestations to man of the one God, from whose substance they are inseparable, sometimes figure in the sacred narrative as three persons, and sometimes as one.

But, in proportion as the scattered influences and imperfectly comprehended traditions of a theology so subtle as this became gradually darkened, distorted, and confused in the mind of other races, more sensuous of temperament, or less metaphysical, than the Jew and the Arab, it is easy to perceive how such a stupendous swarm of emanations and Divine forces and operations would rapidly embody itself in an anthropomorphic Polytheism such as those of the Greek and the Teuton. Here we have moreover in the very egg the doctrine of the Gnostics, and the germs of the Pouranas.

As we have seen, the Word is not only in God, but henceforth also in man (*λόγος προσελθὼν τῇ ἑλθ σάρκα ποιῇ*. Plotinus ii. 25), since God, indeed, is in humanity, as in all things else, though humanity may be unconscious of His presence; in the full realization of which, however, the highest felicity of humanity must ultimately reside. "In him was life, and 'the life was the light of men, and the 'light shineth in darkness, and the 'darkness comprehended it not." But the action of the Word, though omnipotent in connexion with omnipotent Will, is in its effect conditional upon the nature and power of the being whence it proceeds. God speaks, and the universe trembles. Abortions cry out, and not a grain of dust is stirred. The importance of speech, says the Arab proverb, depends upon that of the speaker. Words of dreadful potency in the mouth of sages are futile, for good or ill, on the lips of fools. The action of the spoken word of *man* cannot possibly be so powerful or extensive as that of his written word, since writing perpetuates man's thought, and gives distant effect to it. Hence the importance attached to the study of language in *written* speech, wherein perfect proficiency was supposed to confer supernatural powers on the possessor of it; and hence, as already noticed, the magicians became the grammarians.

With the Persian conquest, and the invasion of new ideas embodied in the faith of Iran, the pure Aramaic philosophy (troubled rather on the surface than at the depths) passes into a new phase. Brave men, but bad metaphysicians, trained rather to action than to speculation—

"To ride, to draw the bow, to speak the truth"—

and powerfully impressed by the simple aspects of external nature, the Persians carried with them a theology which was content to admit that there, where good ceases, evil begins. Nor did the Persians care to seek between these two classes of phenomena (which they embodied in

two distinctly separate principles) any possible relation save (if one can say so) that of eternal antagonism. For their own part, these brave new-comers were fain to make common cause with the good principle, by strenuously combating the evil. A doctrine so simple and so practical as this had little chance of striking permanent root in a soil already undermined for centuries by the subtle metaphysics of the Mesopotamian schools. Ormuzd and Ahriman indeed remained; but, limited each by the other, they were soon obliged to resign all pretension to infinity. The Parsees had no choice but to admit into his creed as surrounding, and in a sense superior to, these two conflicting principles, the existence of the *Zerwane-akerene*, or Limitless Time: and this soon identified itself with the Omnipresent and Unknown Deity of the Schools. The great creations of Ormuzd and Ahriman, viz. the light and darkness, the sun and stars, the pure and impure animals, &c., following the general movement of the metamorphosis thus begun, in turn confounded their identity with the old Semitic manifestations and emanations of the Elohim, &c. some of which were, in fact, like Anaytis, openly received into the Aryan Pantheon, with the usage of statues and images, inaugurated at Susa, Ecbatana, and Sardes. The Assyrians, on their side, accepted the worship of Mithra, and converted to the service of their own philosophy the mythos of the Bull. With the admission of the Semitic emanations, &c. in the Aryan theology to a position quite as important, and probably much more noxious, than that which they had previously occupied in their own (because certainly much less forcibly retained in wholesome subjection to the original conception of divine unity), back come, in full force, all the magic formularies which belong to them, with the whole talismanic apparatus of Numbers, Astrologies, and Apocalypses.

Thus, bearing along with it both the Jew its captive, and the Persian its conqueror, the tide of Aramaic thought flows forward fuller and wider, if less

purely, without meeting any serious resistance, till it comes at last in contact with the plastic genius of the Hellenic race. So far, however, from being thereby arrested in its course, the Asiatic current of ideas uplifts and carries with it the cradle of Greek Philosophy. Thales instructs his Ionic disciples in the science of Memphis, and the Samian Pythagoras is worshipped in Crotona and Mesapontum for revelations filched from the lore of the Chaldeans.¹

Later on, the victories of Alexander, by inundating Greece with Asiatics, completed the triumph of Aramaic influence. And at length, in willing sacrifice to the revived philosophy of the Assyrian schools, the pure embodiments of Hellenic thought, properly so-called, were consigned by Plotinus, Iamblicus, Sextus, Proclus, Damascius, Porphyrius, and the Ptolemaic doctors to the catacombs of Oriental science. Having thus submitted to their dominion and service not only the Greek mind, but also the Greek language, it was easy for Semitic ideas to overrun the Roman world. Troops of Curetes and Corybantes are seen, at an early period, in full procession to the Eternal City. At the time of our Lord's death the cities of the West, as well as those of the East, were swarming with enchanters, mystics, astrologers, makers and vendors of talismans, and all the

¹ "Although the language of many of the ancient writers is ambiguous on this subject, the result seems to be that in the Eleusinian sanctuary, and in the Pythagorean schools, the same doctrine was taught in secret concerning the Deity and the state of the soul after death" (i.e. "a pure Pantheism, Hylozoism, or Spinosism," p. 367), "a doctrine which struck at the root of the popular religion by supposing on the one hand a Divine unity, whilst, on the other, that unity was made to consist in a deification or apotheosis of Nature, the common parent of all things,

'Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quacumque moveris.'

The Creator and the creature were an omnipresent One, manifested in various forms, under various relations, and producing and absorbing all things."—Coleridge's *Study of the Greek Poets*, part i. p. 368.

brood of Semitic superstition in its basest forms. The value of the magic books burnt in Corinth alone, after St. Paul preached there, shows how great must have been, at that time, the accumulation and popularity of this kind of literature. And what, in truth, menaced the existence of infant Christianity far more seriously than any opposition on the part of Jewish Rabbins or Roman Proconsuls, was the dangerous predisposition it encountered in a multitude of minds throughout the then Western as well as Eastern world to enthusiastically embrace and appropriate the dogma of it, without any regard to its ethical code,—simply as a new and pleasing development of that ancient Aramaic philosophy which had by this time become so prevalent and so popular.

The Apostles had to contend vigorously against this insidious peril, to which some of the earlier Fathers partially succumbed. Ignatius and Polycarp freely use the Aramaic formulas and nomenclatures on all occasions; substituting, with the zeal of mystics, for the Divine Name in its totality those ancient synonyms of it, the Life, the Truth, and the Word. The anonymous writer known as Dionysius the Areopagite does not scruple to dedicate a learned commentary to the sacred vocabularies; and Clement of Alexandria seriously congratulates the author of the pretended Book of Enoch on having revealed that man was taught by angels the divine arts of astronomy, divination, &c. καὶ μαντικὴν καὶ τὰς ἄλλας τέχνας. But a more striking illustration of the extent to which Christianity in its nonage had become infected with ideas of this kind is furnished by an inscription found in the catacombs of Rome, recording the death of a Christian child named Simplicius; who, born under the consulate of Jovian and Varronian at the fourth hour of the night, lived to the day of Saturn, 8 Ides of May, 20th of the moon, under the sign of Capricorn—a conjunction so hostile that it was impossible for the child's life to escape its malignant

influence. Tertullian, Gregory Nazianzen, and the Nicene Fathers, in attributing to the Being of God a materiality of some sort, endeavoured to combat the influence of this antique Pantheism which was rapidly perverting the newborn faith; but, long after the worship of Jove had entirely ceased, the use of talismans and enchantments was universal in all civilized parts of the Christian world, and, with all such results and expressions of it, the insidious influence of the Chaldee theology. The influx of those hardy and simple-minded races from the North, which cleansed as with fire the moral soil of the Western World, rescued the ethics of Christianity from the strangling and poisonous overgrowth of antique superstition. In the East, however, to which no such salutary purgation was vouchsafed, the mischief waxed and flourished till it was partially cut down by the sword of the Prophet. In two of the principal Surats of the Koran we find the Prophet himself anticipating and repudiating the analogy which his readers may be supposed to establish between his own style, in recording the revelation of Islam, and that of the ancient *Asathyr*, which Mr. Sale translates (ch. vi. p. 100 and ch. viii. p. 142) "Fables of the Ancients," but which Count de Gobineau renders "Traits droits des Anciens," and attempts to identify with the ancient *thorn-writing* which he asserts to be still treasured in occult treatises, still consulted with enthusiasm by persons whom their countrymen respect for learning and piety, and still to be found engraved on "divining cups," which are probably, in all essentials, of the same kind as that which Joseph caused to be concealed in the sack of Benjamin, when he dismissed his brothers from the land of Egypt.

"There is nothing new under the sun," says the proverb, a truth which Count de Gobineau has applied himself to illustrate, by endeavouring to prove to us that the Hegelian philosophy—the most audacious development of German speculation—is, after all, nothing newer than the resuscitation of a peculiar form

of Pantheism, so ancient as to have been venerable in the days of Moses.

In indicating, as we have now done, the general character and result of Count de Gobineau's theories as to the interpretation of cuneiform writings, we have purposely abstained from all discussion of the arguments whereby he endeavours to support them: in the first place, because no such discussion (however great might be the fairness and philological scholarship of the critic) could possibly be made exhaustive within the dimensions to which our remarks must necessarily be confined; in the second place, because we have not even an elementary knowledge of the philological questions specially in dispute; and, finally, because the book before us possesses, as we have endeavoured to show, a general interest independent of the subject to which it is particularly addressed—an interest which attaches to the researches of its author, even although the conclusion to which they have led him on the main question should be absolutely and demonstrably wrong.

Of course, if we could consider that conclusion as established, we should have to surrender, not only the historical signification of the cuneiform texts, but also the historical antiquity hitherto ascribed to the monuments on which they have been found. Count de Gobineau admits the antiquity of the cuneiform characters, but labours to prove that this kind of writing remained in use down to a comparatively recent period; in fact, that it has never become entirely extinct, being preserved, under various modifications, to this day in books of Oriental magic, &c. The monuments themselves he seems disposed to assign to some date not earlier than the reign of Cambyzes; and he contends that the style of their architecture is no certain indication of their antiquity, because the pure Assyrian style survived in Glyptic to a period later than the age of Alexander. This may be true. Specimens of the archaic pre-Phidian style of Greek sculpture are certainly to be found at Athens in connexion with

monuments which can confidently be referred to the age of Hadrian. But, though the affectation of a modern taste, especially at a period of degeneration, often does fall back upon the archaic style of the earliest period of an art, yet such archaisms can only be occasional, and it is seldom difficult to detect the modern hand in them. The moment we enter upon the philological details of Count de Gobineau's dispute with the Rawlinsonians, we are overwhelmed by a sense of the utter hopelessness of the position of the uninitiated whom we represent.

It is quite certain that if the Rawlinsonian method be right, the Gobineau method must be wrong, and *vice versa*. But although it is impossible that they should both be right, it is unhappily possible that they should both be wrong.

"Come now, my masters," says Pantagruel to the counsellors and doctors who were present at the "wonderfully obscure and difficult" dispute between the Lords Kissbreech and Suckfist, "you have heard the controversy that is in question; what do you think of it?" They answered him, We have indeed heard it, but have not understood the devil so much as one circumstance of the case." As for us, not having the more than human wisdom of Pantagruel, we shall not attempt to decide the present controversy. If Sir Henry Rawlinson's method of interpretation had indeed enabled him to really add anything to our already existing knowledge of the past, we should be exceedingly reluctant to surrender our faith in the accuracy of its results. But his supposed discoveries, whether true or false, have hitherto, in fact, only furnished us with some almost suspiciously faithful illustrations of Biblical history. The researches which Count de Gobineau has prosecuted over a vast field of Oriental literature (hitherto, perhaps, too much neglected by mythologists), may possibly increase our knowledge, if not of the outer life, yet certainly of the inner mind of antiquity. And, even though we may mistrust the conclusions to which those

researches have brought him, in respect of the character of the cuneiform texts, we cannot dispute his assertion that "the history of human events is not as important as that of human ideas. "However well placed may be our curiosity about the personal exploits of Sennacherib, it is yet more profitable to know what was taught to that sovereign and his subjects concerning the great problems of the mind . . . "Hitherto, the literature of the Greeks has been our only guide in the investigation of these mysteries . . . "The treasures preserved to us in the writings of the Jews and Arabs have been scarcely more than surmised, and for want of all clear and definite indications we have formed only the vaguest notions as to the real origin of many opinions which reveal themselves to us only in the Hellenic philosophy."¹

This is indisputable. The political history of nations is only the biography of their egotism. Their literature is the history of their humanity: and the expression of a people's life is only complete in its literature, which reveals not merely the fruit but also the root of its growth. Whoever has been enabled to increase our knowledge of the world's literature, is a greater benefactor than any mere chronicler of the world's events.

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 112—114.

For it is not in history but in literature that we must seek the fullest and most collective expression of those innumerable differences which distinguish one people or race from another. It is like the sea which both separates and unites countries.

It is for this reason that we have felt that the researches of Count de Gobineau are deserving of a wider and more popular notice than (owing probably to the unattractive character of the title and ostensible subject of his treatise) they have hitherto obtained. Under this strong impression the foregoing remarks have been written. And, if they should be so fortunate as to commend to the perusal of more competent judges than ourselves those portions at least of the Count's two curious volumes which contain what appears to us to be both new and suggestive information on a subject far more generally interesting than the mere decipherment of cuneiform alphabets, then, even although those venerable riddles of Khorsabad and Persepolis should retain to the end of time the mystery in which they are still shrouded, yet we shall not, perhaps, be compelled to inscribe upon the tomb of all the labour and research which have been lavished on the attempt to elucidate it, the words in which Petrarch professed to epitomise his experience of human life,—"*Initium cæritas, progressio labor, error omnia.*"

TRADITRICE.

ONCE, and only once, did light illumine
 With its happy shine
 This dark life of mine;
 Once I gave man's deepest love to woman.

 Gave with all strong passion concentrated
 Love that could not reach
 Surface foam of speech;—
 Loved as deeply as I since have hated.

 Beautiful past thought of the forgetting,
 Fair beyond all praise,
 Gleamed her pearl-like face
 From the glory of its golden setting:

 And her smile flashed out from clear sweet blushes,
 As the sunlight shed
 Through its clouds of red,
 When the twilight into morning flushes.

 Lovely face, from memory's haze and shadow,
 With the smile that slips
 Not from eyes, but lips,
 Gleams on me your beauty's El-Dorado.

 Land all gold with gold of tresses curly,—
 Where the wanderer knows
 Deepness of repose,
 Past the waking late and rising early.

 In that mellow light, so soft and tender,
 Kind of dulness crept
 O'er me, and I slept,—
 Then you shore my locks of might and splendour.

 For a goodly price, I ween, you sold me;
 Called your kith and kind
 Who, all spirit-blind,
 Grinding in the prison should behold me.

 But my shorn locks grew again in glory,
 And no more my sight
 Might white-armed delight
 Blind; for once and aye away I tore me,

 Pierced your heart for all your shield's completeness,
 With a barbed dart
 Forged within the heart
 That was fiercest fire, not quenched sweetness!

EMILY H. HICKEY.

A LETTER; OR, LÉONIE'S STORY.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR JACOB," ETC. ETC.

WHEN I parted from you six months ago, dear Mary, I had no more idea of what my future life was to be than the Maryland slave-girl just bought by a new master, only, that instead of going into slavery (how glad I am that is past and gone now!) I was an orphan girl, who had no sooner lost one uncle upon whom my bread depended, than another wrote kindly from the uttermost ends of the world, and offered me a home.

This uncle I had never heard of till I was left alone in the world, as you know, and I may tell you why. He was so unfortunate as to lose all his money, and his relations losing patience with him, said angry things, that drove him to go abroad, marry a French-woman, and give up his country altogether. He never blames himself nor any one else when he talks of these things; but he calls himself *Monsieur Luce*, instead of *Mr. Lucy*—his proper name—and has almost forgotten how to speak English.

I wished he had been living in France instead of "*La France Algérienne*," as he called his adopted country; but I felt so lonely when his loving letter came, that I think I would have gone to Timbuctoo had he invited me thither. And it was so pleasant to fly like a swallow from the cold, and to cross strange lands and the bright blue sea, and alight at last in a world where it is always summer! When we came within sight of Algiers, I thought I was in fairy-land. It seemed to me as if the city were of white marble, the sky of pure amethyst, the sloping hills of emerald and gold, and I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I must be in a half-dream, and that such beautiful colours were not real. As I stood thus, partly pleased, partly puzzled with all I saw, some one tapped me on the shoulder,

and a voice, the softest and sweetest I ever heard in my life, said in broken English—

"This must be little Léonie, I think."

I looked round, and saw an old man, with soft white hair hanging over his shoulders, cheeks a little ruddy but thin, handsome features, and a mouth very sweet in expression. What added to the picturesqueness of his appearance was the fashion of his clothes. Every bit of his dress had a quaint home-made look about it, reminding one of the doll's suits children make, and were of the oddest materials, such as stuffs and coloured calicoes. But he seemed quite unconscious of the singularity of his appearance, and gave me so tender a welcome, that if he had looked like a king I could not have liked him better. After a little talk about my journey and my own affairs in general, he asked me if I were tired.

"Because if you are not," he said, "we may as well walk home. The air is so pleasant, that I am sure you would enjoy it; and your aunt and I have no carriage, you know."

Upon which he smiled, as if a carriage were nothing to desire so very much. Of course I agreed to walk, and taking his arm, we set off.

"Your luggage will be locked up in the Custom-house for to-night," he said at starting, "and to-morrow we'll send for it; but you haven't much, I hope!"

I looked up inquiringly, and he answered with a smile. He added—

"Our house is so small, that I shall have to build a room for every trunk, that's all. Not that I mind building, or that I am such a bad builder, little Léonie."

We climbed some burning white steps, and came upon a great square,

with a group of palm-trees on one side, and a splendid mosque of shining white, shutting out the sea, and numbers of people walking about. There were French, Arabs, Moors, Turks and Jews, all differently dressed, and for the most part so gaily, that I felt as if I were moving in a pantomime. Then we followed a long street that led to a straggling suburban village by the seashore, and after an hour's walking, came to the entrance of a lovely green valley sprinkled with houses.

My uncle walked on briskly, never heeding the heat or glare of the sun, and talking all the way. He talked after such a dreamy, learned fashion, that I seldom understood him, yet he was so simple, as to make me feel in the company of a child.

"Look, Léonie," he said, stretching his arm towards the valley. "Are we not already living in paradise? Who can imagine anything more beautiful than these gold-green pastures, these trickling streams, and orange-gardens, and glimpses of rock and sea. The material world is as beautiful as it can be, my dear, but the moral wants a little Fourierism to put it in harmony."

I made no answer. What indeed did I know about Fourierism, or the harmony of the moral world?

"Fourier was nearer the truth than any one, but he lived too soon. We shall have a golden age ere long, little Léonie, an age of plenty, of pure art, of a perfectly-planned society—and Fourier will have sowed the seeds. But do you know or care anything about these things? Do you desire to see the world happier and better?"

"I think, uncle," I said hesitatingly, "that it would be a blessing if there were not so much poverty in it."

"What is material poverty compared to such evils as poverty in art or in ideas? Were we born merely for meat and drink and fine clothes?"

I blushed, feeling myself reproved, and murmured something about not caring in the least what I ate or drank. He smiled approvingly, saying that he thought I should be very happy with

them, though they were not rich consequential folks. Then he rambled on about the great reformations Fourier and Enfantin had projected, which conversation you would understand no more than I did. I said "yes," and "yes," and "ah, indeed!" but all the time I kept wondering which of the pretty white villas belonged to my uncle. We had come many miles by this time, and I was growing very tired, when the road came to an end sharply. At our feet lay the lovely valley bounded by precipitous green hills, which only opened on one side as if to let in a view of the bright blue sea.

My uncle pointed to a green pinnacle that rose in front of us, and said somewhat proudly—

"That little nest perched up in the clouds is our house, and I built it as easily as the birds build their nests in spring-time."

We now began to climb a tiny path that wound zigzag around the hill. When we were about half-way up, we reached a natural terrace, and here basking in the sun sat an old woman. She looked so yellow and wrinkled and shrunken, that I felt as if she must have been living in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, and could tell me all about those days much better than Miss Pardoe.

"This is the aunt of my wife, Madame Bresnier de la Lime," said my uncle, "a very worthy lady, and nearly ninety. Aunt, here is your grand-niece, little Léonie, from England."

She did not seem to understand him, and would rise, bowing to me in the most formal manner.

"I am charmed to have the pleasure of making Madame's acquaintance," she said; and though my uncle explained again and again, she persisted in calling me so.

"It is very nice weather for you, Madame, and you will find the air up here delightful. You see I amuse myself with a book out of doors."

I glanced at the title of her book. It was "*Le dernier jour d'un Condamné.*"

"Isn't that a melancholy story, aunt?" I asked.

"A little *triste*, perhaps, Madame, but it amuses me immensely. When I am alone, an amusing book is such good company; and I am often alone, of course."

The last sentence was spoken rather querulously; and when we had left her, my uncle explained the reason of her querulousness.

"Your aunt Josephine gives French lessons most days, and so is much occupied," he said; "but she stayed at home to-day on purpose to welcome you."

It seemed as if we should never get up. The summit of the hill was so steep that zigzag steps had been cut to make the ascent at all safe and practicable; but, as it was, I stumbled at every step, and lost breath and heart too. Once up, I felt sure I should very seldom venture down again, and there would be that sea-green valley tempting me to ramble every hour in the day!

I think tears of vexation were in my eyes, when, by dint of toiling and tugging, we had reached the top; but my uncle turned round, smiling so brightly and benignly, that I felt almost happy again.

I am not sure whether you would laugh or cry most, if you could see the house that, not Jack, but my uncle built. (I cannot help making fun of my misfortunes, as I used to do, Mary.) In the first place, I must tell you that it is like nothing so much as three or four hen-coops joined together. There are four rooms in all—the tiniest mouse-traps imaginable—and outside there are outhouses equally small; the whole look as if a breath of wind would blow them away. There is no regular lath-and-plaster work, but the walls are built just as my uncle's fancy and, I suppose, materials allowed; a yard or two of real bricks and mortar here, a partition of bare boards there, thatch and stucco and stone mixed anyhow, tiny windows with or without glass, and crannies everywhere to let in wind and rain.

Everything indoors was beautifully clean. The walls and boards were

covered with prints cut out of newspapers or the coloured headings of advertisements. There were curtains to the windows of coloured cotton, and the chairs, which I fancy my uncle must have made too, were of unfurnished wood, and evidently scrubbed with soap and water. Everywhere I saw something that stood in place of ornaments, such as little rows of shells and crystals on the mantelshelf, chains of palm-seeds and wild berries festooned about the walls, and in the corners were brackets cut out of wood and painted after rather a gaudy fashion.

As soon as my aunt heard us enter, she came forward. A strange-looking kindly person, with a brown, troubled face half hidden by a broad-brimmed hat, and a habit of waiting long between her words. She kissed me on each cheek, begged my uncle not to sit in a draught whilst he was so heated, then led me into my room, watching me rather anxiously, I thought.

I tried to show no dismay at the queer little place I was to sleep in, and hung up my cloak as if I felt already at home. She smiled cheerfully then, and said,—

"I was so afraid you might not find things what you expected, my dear, but we are all very happy, though not too rich." She sighed a little, and went on,—
"I have bought a little hand-basin and ewer for you, for though I wash in the brook behind the house, it mightn't do for a young lady so well. And the bed. Ah, I hope the bed won't tumble down!"

The bed did indeed tumble down the first night, but as soon as I got my box from the *Douane*, I put it underneath, and there were no more tumbles after that. Oh, Mary, I cannot tell you how strange and sad the life of my uncle and aunt at first seemed to me! hardly sad perhaps, because they were so happy in each other, but strange beyond belief. I had not been in the house a day before I found out that they were poorer than I could have imagined it possible to be. The only income seems to be that arising from my aunt's teaching and a few goats which are herded and milked by a pretty

little Arab boy, named Hamed ; and neither the lessons nor the goats are very profitable. We have a little poultry and a garden, and I think we should often be hungry, but for the plenty of eggs and salads. Sometimes I find my aunt in tears, and then I know that she has lost a pupil, or that my uncle has been squandering money again ; for he is always losing money, though he has so little. He lays out napoleon after napoleon upon new plants and trees that are to bring in lots of money or look beautiful by and by, and his speculations have so much plausibility, and his manner, when proposing them, is so sweet, that I think I should be just as patient as my aunt.

My great-aunt, Madame de la Lime, is almost as patient, though when we are alone together she says this sort of thing :—"Papa Luce" (she persists in calling him my papa), "*Papa Luce est rêveur, petite, et il faut toujours souffrir pour les belles idées.*" I asked once, "Was Papa Luce always a dreamer, aunt?" and then she told me a long pitiful story of my poor uncle's unfortunate speculations, which I will not repeat to you.

But in spite of the poverty we are a very happy family. I feel somehow as if I were living among the primitive Christians, and reproach myself for the longing after better food, a little society, and a glimpse of the outer world, that will sometimes come. We are as really out of the world as if we had been shipwrecked on a desert island. With the people living in the valley below we have no sort of intercourse, and though my uncle and aunt walk to the city very often, I have never accompanied them. Shall I confess the truth to you? I dread the sight of pretty shops, and the sound of music, and the evidence of a thousand and one comforts lost to me—I suppose—for ever.

I roam about my uncle's territory instead. Besides the garden, which is all hill and dale on a tiny scale, he possesses tracts on the hill-sides, and here Hamed pipes to his goats, whilst I sit by, reading or idling as the case may be. Hamed

is the prettiest, most waggish little creature in the world, and we have great fun together, teaching each other French and Arabic. He is about eleven years old : his skin is of a brilliant brown, as if stained with walnut juice, his eyes black and roguish ; and he wraps himself in a ragged burnous with the air of a little prince. Without Hamed I think I should feel very dull ; for though my uncle is always in a playful mood, and my aunts are so loving and outwardly cheerful, I cannot help being serious in the house. I so dread starvation coming upon us.

And now I must tell you what happened on Easter Sunday. I woke up earlier than usual, and put on a white frock and blue sash, feeling so inclined to go to church and be thankful. But there was no English church within six miles, and I had to content myself with reading the service and singing the Easter hymn out of doors alone.

It was the loveliest morning I ever remember in my life. The sky had not a cloud ; the fig-trees were bursting into leaf ; the hill was brilliant with a thousand flowers ; all the valley lay in golden sunlight.

I longed for the sound of church bells, and could have cried as I recalled the Easter Sunday of last year spent so happily with you, but something in the soft air and bright sky made me happy in spite of myself. I nestled beneath the shadow of a flowering aloe and said my prayers without a tear. Then I sung that old, old hymn, beginning, "*Lo, He comes with clouds descending !*" When I came to the refrain of the first verse, I started and left off singing. Some one, I could not see who, was joining me ; it could not be my uncle, for I should have recognised his imperfect English in a moment, nor my aunt, for she did not speak English at all. Who then? I jumped up and blushed crimson at discovering a young Englishman on the other side of the aloe tree, who had been drawing my portrait and singing my hymn at the same time.

He blushed too, and excused himself for both offences in a moment.

"Pray forgive me, Mademoiselle," he said. "I began to sing and to draw without stopping to think how wrong it was to do either."

He held his sketch out at arm's length, and looked at it for a minute or two rather ruefully : then he added, "I suppose I must make atonement by confiscation of the stolen treasure?"

His fingers were about to work the mischief, when I interposed. I had caught a glimpse of his sketch—such a pretty sketch, with a touch or two of colour on my hair and cheeks!—and I could not bear the idea of losing it.

"Oh no," I cried, "let my uncle have it! He has no likeness of me, and wishes for one so much."

No sooner had I spoken than I thought it unwise, but having asked for the picture felt bound to accept it, which I fear I did but clumsily. Whether I thanked him or no I cannot remember. I only remember flying home, breathless and blushing, and very proud of finding myself so pretty in a picture.

My uncle met me on the threshold and heard my story with a smile.

"I am glad you have something pleasant to distract your thoughts," he said, "for we shall breakfast but poorly to-day."

I went into the little parlour wondering how we could fare worse than we had hitherto done ; and learned from Aunt Josephine that during the night some Arabs had robbed us of our poultry. She cried as she set out our scanty meal of goat's milk, thin coffee, and coarse bread, whispering : "There is only one egg left, which I have boiled for your uncle. You won't mind going without, will you, my dear?"

Of course I didn't mind, but I thought that it was she who wanted the egg most, as she worked hardest. But both my aunt and great-aunt would have starved themselves for Papa Luce, I think.

My uncle was as cheerful as usual, and when the lost hens were mentioned only said, "The Arabs wanted them more than we ;" but we could not help feeling very sad. I had no heart to

talk of the English artist, much less to show the sketch he had given me, which Papa Luce, however, brought forward and criticized for nearly an hour. He declared it to be worth all the hens in the world—and I should have agreed with him if butter were to be had instead of eggs for breakfast! But I would not say so, of course.

"It is impossible for us, Léonie," he said, "to over-estimate the value of a love of Art among those who are not rich. The poorest can cultivate the Beautiful if they will, and herein I reverence *Fouriér*, and others of his school, because they would fain have allied the homeliest elements of life with something high and lovely."

"I have read your books on *Fouriér*, uncle," I answered, somewhat saucily ; "but I wouldn't enter a phalanstery for anything."

"And why not?" he asked quite seriously.

"Because if I were poor I should like to be free, and if I were rich I shouldn't like to share my money with people I didn't care about."

"My little Léonie, you answer me like the incautious child you are. I tell you, my child, there is no such thing as poverty excepting in the moral world, and no real wealth in the material. For example, I lose a dozen hens——"

"Fourteen, and two splendid cocks, *Edouard*," interrupted my aunt, sighing.

"I lose my poultry, and I go without eggs for breakfast, but the loss calls forth a humanizing thought. Am I not perforce richer than I was?"

"Little Léonie is young, and has a strong appetite," said Madame de la Lime, in her thinnest voice ; "I'm sure the poor child regrets the eggs."

"When Providence has sent her compensation in the form of a dainty water-colour drawing?" he asked lightly ; "aunt, aunt, you ought not to make a materialist of your great niece."

We fared no better for dinner than we had done for breakfast, and for the first time in my life, I went to bed hungry. But our worst misfortune was yet to come.

About daybreak I was awaked from a sound sleep not troubled, you may be sure, with dreams of Fouriér or phalansteries. I started up and saw my aunt at the bedside, looking so white and woe-begone that my first thought was of the marauding Arabs, with whom I knew my uncle had once had an encounter.

"No harm has happened to papa?" (as I now called him,) I cried, white and woe-begone too; "oh, aunt, what is the matter?"

She wrung her hands with a cry of desperate grief, and drew me to her bosom, weeping bitterly. "No harm has happened to him, Heaven be praised, *petite*," she said at last; "but oh, think of it, Léonie, three of our poor goats are taken away, and the rest lie in the goat-house with their throats cut, and now, indeed, we shall taste the bitterness of poverty."

"Then it is the Arabs, aunt?"

"Yes, it is the Arabs who have done the wicked, cruel deed. Your uncle heard a noise (our poor animals crying in their dying agony), and ran out towards the shed without stopping to dress himself. But before he could get there, the thieves had got away, leaving the rest of their victims behind."

"We ought to keep a fierce dog, aunt," I said; "think how lonely and unprotected we are!"

"My dear, of what use to get a dog when there is nothing more to lose? and then how should we feed it? A dog won't eat grass and herbs like the poor goats!"

Of course I could not go to sleep any more, and hastily dressing myself, went the round of the premises with my uncle. We found that we were poorer than we thought. Not only were the goats lost to us, but next to them our greatest treasures; namely, papa's garden-tools. Excepting one or two worn-out spades, there was absolutely nothing left to make use of, and the garden had hitherto been our mainstay, and never-failing source of subsistence. I felt too aghast to cry, but my uncle merely said in his usual sweet mild way, "If they

had left me the tools, Léonie, I should have forgiven the rest; but all this evil comes of unequally distributed property. If I had not been richer than the Arabs, they could not have robbed me."

"But we must try and bring the thieves to justice, papa?"

"There is nothing left for them to envy now, so I think we had better leave them to the justice of their consciences, little Léonie."

"Oh, papa! are we to go without food in order that the Arabs may be kept from temptation?"

I was sorry that I said this, for my uncle looked a little sad, and ever after seemed nervous and anxious at meal-times. But I am telling my story in advance, Mary, for we had no real meal-times yet awhile. When we had examined every nook and corner, he led me to the door of the goat-house, and pointed to a purple trail on the turf that sloped from it towards the valley.

"That is the blood of our poor animals," he whispered, with a gesture of horror. "Pray for a rain, *petite*, to wash out the stain."

I think I could have washed it out with my tears, I felt so sad, but I kept a cheerful face, and looking towards the sea, prophesied rain. When I returned to the house, however, the sun rose brilliantly in a sky of purest pinky-grey, and I knew that our chances of rain were over for many days. My heart sank within me as I wondered how I should spend my days having now no Hamed to teach, no pretty goats to play with, no fresh green grass to gambol over. And I played the coward and cried bitterly when, looking out towards the hill-side, I saw my uncle digging as if for dear life in the early light. His spade was broken and his strength was small, but by the time we were all ready for our early coffee, alike the bodies and the blood of our poor little goats were hidden from view. I think no one had loved them better than I, but it seemed to me that they might just as well have been sold since we were so poor. But I would not have said so for worlds.

How shall I describe that day to you, the sadness of it, the silence of it, the hunger of it ?

My aunt started off for her round of lessons, having eaten nothing but a crust of bread with her black coffee, and after casting a glance round the larder, I found that there was no second breakfast or mid-day meal for us at all. My grand-aunt had crept down to her favourite seat on the hill-side, and I could hear her lamenting our loss from time to time. "Our poor animals, our pretty animals are dead," she moaned. "Oh, you cruel Arabs! how could you take away their innocent lives?"

Poor little Hamed went away crying because there being no longer any goats to keep, there were no longer two sous a day for him; whilst Papa Luce pattered about the garden with his broken spades. I knew very well why he did not come indoors at eleven o'clock, but without alluding to the morning breakfast in any way, I carried him a cup of tea and some broken biscuit—the last remnants of our little store. Then I made a vegetable soup, off which we dined in the evening, and all of us tried to be gay, because we would not confess that we were hungry.

All night long I lay awake in my little bed, pondering as to what I could do. My uncle and aunt were both so proud that I felt sure I should break their hearts if I proposed going into domestic service. But was not any kind of situation better than starving? I could teach English, music, lots of things fairly; and though pupils were scarce, they were not impossibilities. But it might take days—weeks to find pupils, and we were growing thinner and thinner every day.

A happy thought flashed across my mind like a revelation, and hastily getting out of bed, I drew from under it the box containing my clothes. How little I had, and yet how much that I could spare! There was the Indian fan of carved ivory left to me by a god-mother I never knew; there was the lace mantle, my English uncle's last gift, the card-case and the reticule purchased

with my pocket-money in England, and ah me! the blue silk scarf I wore as a sash on Easter Sunday. What an age it seemed since then!

I made a parcel of these things, and that very day, as soon as I could get away without being seen, set off for the town. I had never forgotten the way by which I had come with my uncle, but it seemed longer now, perhaps because I was so hungry.

Not venturing to show my treasures to the rich Jews of the French quarter, I wandered about the narrow old Moorish streets seeking for a merchant as honest as he who bought Aladdin's gold and silver dishes. By and by, I came to a row of tiny shops built like ovens in the wall, some hung with bright-coloured slippers, others with gourds and lemons, others with horse-trappings of all colours. I stopped when I came to the smallest of all, the walls of which were covered with second-hand clothes, smart or shabby as the case might be. Behind the counter sat a beautiful old man with silvery white hair, clear olive complexion, and soft dark eye full of benevolence. He was reading the Koran, but put away the book as soon as I addressed him. I spoke in Arabic, for having talked so much with the little goat-herd Hamed it was quite easy to me now.

"Oh, merchant!" I said, "I have no father, and those of my kindred who took me in have been robbed of their fowls and their goats, and are hungry! What will you give me for my beautiful things that I may take home bread to my benefactors?" He listened with interest and undid the parcel quite tenderly, as if he felt sorry for my poor discarded bits of finery. Whilst he was examining each article, I went over my story again, telling him how I had come all the way from England to my relations, and how poor and patient and loving they were.

When the contents of the parcel had been examined, he made answer—

"By Allah, your story is pitiful, O lady, and I would fain be to you as a

well-spring in the desert; but if I give you three napoleons for your beautiful things, it is because your sorrows have touched my heart, and the prophet commands us to be charitable."

Three napoleons—sixty francs! My heart leaped with joy, and I could hardly stand by calmly whilst the old man got the money.

When he laid the three bright gold pieces in my hand I could have shouted for joy, and was too impatient to linger any longer, though he began to talk about my country-people and praise them for their trust in his fair dealing.

"Only an hour ago," he said, "there was an English painter here who bought some Tunis stuffs to paint, and I said to him, 'Allah preserve you, young man, for you are honest to the honest and just to the just.'" But I was not thinking of English painters just then, and asked the way to the market at once.

I found it easily, a large square with a fountain and a group of trees in the middle, and crowds of Arabs, Negroes, Jews, and Kabyles, bartering in the burning sun. Little half-naked boys carrying large baskets made of reeds ran hither and thither, crying, "*Porter? —porter?*" And I called the prettiest and gentlest to carry my marketings home. I daresay I paid the Arab too much for my quails, the Negro too much for my cakes, and the Jew too much for my wine, but I felt so rich and so impatient! When the basket was filled to the brim, I bought a small one for a sou, and laid out half a franc upon oranges, figs and bananas, which I carried home as an especial present to papa. Then we set off, neither of us minding the heat in the least, and reached home about three o'clock. No one was in the house, so I prepared my little feast at leisure.

When, about two hours later, papa returned from the town (I afterwards learned that my aunts had persuaded him to make depositions regarding the robbery), he looked quite thunderstruck to see the table spread with fresh butter, olives and wine, and preparations for dinner going on in

the kitchen. A glow spread over his features, which had of late been so pale, and a smile, half of pleasure, half of perplexity, rose to his lips.

I emerged from my hiding-place, and putting one hand within his arm, laid the other over his mouth. "Not a word, papa, on your peril. To-day Léonie gives her little fête, and those whom she invites must come and not grumble."

He sat down with a smile and a sigh, and was soon poring over one of his few books. My poor uncle! as I looked at his thin figure and refined face, I could but notice that the losses of the last day or two had worked a change. His features had lost something of their serenity, and his manner something of its playfulness. How I longed to give him one or two new books about philosophy or æsthetics! How I longed to recover the beloved tools with which he had built, sowed, and reaped!

My poor little feast would have been quite gay, however, but for my aunt; for whilst papa and Madame de la Lime ate, drank, and praised me for having catered so well, she sat like one cut to the heart. I think she guessed where my money had come from, and was too proud to accept sacrifices from me.

The next morning I went to my favourite nook under the flowering aloe, determined to think of some more lasting source of money than my poor wardrobe afforded. What was my surprise to find there the very blue scarf I had showed the good old merchant the day before! It lay on the bank, and was folded so deftly and daintily, that at first I felt tempted to believe there were genies still. Perhaps I was wrong, perhaps I was foolish, but it seemed so pleasant to have the scarf back again, that I took it home without at all knowing who had brought it to me. It seemed pleasant, too, to have fairies meddling in my affairs since I was so in need of help.

But after this even the fairies deserted me for a little while, and I was taken very ill of marsh-fever, caught, I think, that night our poor goats were killed.

When the fever had wasted me to such a pale ghost of a Léonie as you, dear Mary, could never imagine, all the fairies came back again.

Never shall I forget the first day of my recovery. As soon as I was dressed, my uncle helped me out into the garden, saying, with a bright face,—

"I have got some new tools and poultry and goats, Léonie, and now we are as rich as possible. Look yonder!"

I looked towards the hill-side, and there in the sunshine sat little Hamed piping, oh how joyfully, to a crowd of pretty creatures browsing among the palmetto-leaves! He ran to me eagerly, crying in broken French, "*Mademoiselle is well again, and Hamed rejoices!*" and the cocks flapped their wings, and the hens strutted about as if they rejoiced too. At breakfast, which was no Barmecide's feast to-day, but a real meal, my aunt explained the cause of so much sudden prosperity.

"You know," she said, with tears of thankfulness standing on her thin brown cheeks, "that the piece of land behind Hamed's pasture-ground belongs to us, but your uncle had no more time for cultivating it, so hitherto it has laid waste. We have just sold it to a young Englishman——"

"A young man of really cultivated mind, and an admirer of Fourier like myself," put in my uncle. "When I learned that, I would have given him the land, but he was too proud."

"And he is going to have a house built on it, so we shall have a neighbour, which is such a protection," said my aunt, "and the money, which he paid at once, will set us up for a year at least."

"What a materialist you are!" cried Papa Luce, pouring me out some wine with the air of a prince; "now, for my part, I really regret the money, since it has made us all so mercenary in the matter. If the young man had been penniless, and his poverty had touched our hearts, so that we gave him the land, what a reflection we should now have had!"

My aunt looked humbled, and said

no more. I, presuming on the privilege of a convalescent, put in saucily—

"You must admit, papa, that it is pleasant to have wine and meat for breakfast!"

"Wretched little utilitarian!" he cried, patting my curls fondly. "Can nothing lift you out of the mire of materialism?"

"Nothing will teach me to live contentedly without eating and drinking," I answered; "and oh, papa! I have read all your books about Fourier, and I'm going to do as people do in phalansteries."

"And what's that?" asked papa, smiling.

"You know in phalansteries everybody is like a bee, and helps to make honey. Will you let me help to make honey, papa?"

They all understood my meaning now, and both my aunts looked at papa before giving an opinion. He only treated the matter as a joke, said I might make money out of his garden and welcome, or, he added slyly, out of the Englishman's garden, if I preferred it. Whereupon I blushed and felt foolish, without knowing why.

After breakfast I went to my old haunt by the flowering aloe, very vexed with my uncle. I was only seventeen, it is true; but when he found me so ready to act a womanlike part, he ought not to have treated me like a child.

In a moment, however, I had forgotten my vexation, for just where I had found my scarf a few weeks ago, lay a beautiful fairy-gift to-day—a bunch of roses, Mary, such roses as in England we only dream of—waxy, peachy, perfumed beyond imagination.

My first impulse was to take up the beautiful things and kiss them, as one would children; but no sooner had I done it than I scolded myself. There being no fairies now-a-days, who had a right to cheat me with fairy-gifts?

A voice behind my shoulder answered the question.

"Oh, take the flowers!" it said quite humbly. "The proudest lady may accept as much, and not feel ashamed."

It was the English artist speaking. I should have recognised his voice anywhere; and, without turning round, I answered falteringly, "I am not proud, but——"

"But I am your neighbour now," he went on eagerly; "and neighbours are bound to accept friendliness from each other. Has not Monsieur Luce told you of my purchase?"

I had no courage to answer him. The flowers fell from my trembling fingers, and I tried in vain to hinder one or two tears.

At last I sat down and said, hiding my face, "It was you, then, who brought back the scarf, and you know all!"

"Could I help it?" he asked reproachfully: "I had gone to Ahmed-ben-Abderrahman many and many a time before; and when I saw your scarf that day by chance, I recognised it at once."

"Ahmed-ben-Abderrahman is an old busybody, and had no right to prate of his customer's affairs," I said, passionately; "I will never go to him again, never!"

He sat down, and picking up the beautiful discarded roses, flung them

into the hedge. I think we both felt in a meeker temper after that, for when he said—

"If Ahmed-ben-Abderrahman was wrong in telling your story, and I in listening, you might still forgive us, and do no harm, Mademoiselle."

"I forgive you?" I said; "I am only angry."

"Are you too angry to listen to my story?" he asked.

"What is it about?" I said rather crossly; "I don't like long stories."

"It is not a long story, Mademoiselle——"

"But I daresay, as you are such a gossip, that you have told it all to Ahmed-ben-Abderrahman a dozen times, and the next time I go to him I shall hear it all."

He looked so serious now, that I jumped up, and would have run away, but he held me back.

"I have told no one the story I am going to tell you," he said; "and it begins on Easter Sunday. Can you guess the rest?"

Can you guess the rest, dear Mary? I think you can, and I will only say that we are all happy.

THE STUDY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

ALL the modern languages were born and bred under great difficulties. The supreme influence of Latin cast them into the shade, and made their early awkwardness and frequent imperfections cruelly apparent. In comparison with that fully-developed and well-organized tongue, they seemed so many barbaric clamours. In its presence they appeared so many rustic venches before a finished lady of the Court—Audreys by the side of a Rosalind. No wonder if they were looked down upon, and treated as inferiors. But they were youthful and vigorous, and, in course of time, they asserted themselves. They presently achieved the very highest honours that

can be won by any language. They, too, were glorified by the expression and representation of great and noble thoughts. Their lowliness had been regarded, and from thenceforth all generations were to call them blessed; they became the mothers of new and mighty literatures. They needed no longer be ashamed to meet their enemies in the gate.

But they were long in discovering and appreciating their own dignity. They knew not the greatness of their own children. They delighted in them, and cherished them fondly, and found great comfort and happiness in them. But they did not recognise Hercules in

his cradle. They never dreamt that the glory of modern literature might rival or surpass that ancient literature which they regarded with such profound awe and reverence. Those nursing mothers were of humble mind in this matter. They would never talk in Niobe's strain. Such vaunting and ostentation never entered their modest heads.

The English language had a special difficulty to contend with. It had to struggle against the influence not only of Latin, but Norman-French. This additional opposition retarded its literary application and use. When at last its struggles were over, and one common speech prevailed throughout the island, Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French well-fused and welded together, then at once a glorious literature sprang up. From that time the English language dates its dignity. Consecrated by genius for great and glorious uses, it became then a worthy object of careful attention and study. No man could be ashamed—no man could but be proud of a language capable of so noble an application. It had splendidly established its claim to the homage and affection of Englishmen.

It made great progress in the fourteenth century, both in its unity and in its prevalence. It was admitted into schools, not perhaps as the subject, but as the medium of instruction. "John Cornwaile," runs the earliest English chronicle,—a translation, with additions, of an old Latin one,—*"John Cornwaile, a maistre of gramer, chaungide the lore in gramer scole, and construction of Frensch into English, and Richard Pencriche lerned that maner of teaching of him, and other men of Pencriche. So that now, the yere of our Lord a thousand thre hundred foure score and fyve, of the secunde King Richard after the Conquest nyne, in alle the gramer scoles of Englonde children levith Frensch, and construeth and lerneth in English. . . Also gentil men havith now mych ylefte for to teche he children Frensch."* A few years before this

important change was made, it was admitted into the law courts. By the close then of the fourteenth century, one great advance was made: English was the supreme universal language of the country. The bilingual period closed. Master and man conversed in one and the same speech.

But this establishment of English as the vernacular of the country was not immediately followed by its critical study. In spite of the noble capacities which it had been proved to possess, and in spite of its having become the national tongue, it was not yet deemed worthy or capable of formal study. Such a thing as English grammar was not yet dreamt of. Latin remained the basis of education, and the darling language of the learned. It was Latin grammar that was taught in the grammar schools of this country. The revival of learning augmented this dominant influence of Latin. Eyes charmed with the order and method of it could see nothing but anarchy in English, and this seemed an altogether ruleless and unruly language, good enough for every-day use, but not deserving really respectful and earnest investigation. Happily, then, as in more modern times, the study of foreign languages proved of great service. The study of French promoted the study of English. A modern language had a better chance of getting justice done it, when brought into contact and comparison with a fellow modern, than when overpowered by the brilliant prestige of an ancient one.¹ Perhaps

¹ The Treatise of Walter de Bibbesworth, of the close of the thirteenth century (to which I have to thank my friend Mr. Furnivall for calling my attention), is to a certain extent an English-French handbook, as the principal words in it are furnished with an English gloss. It is, in fact, an attempt at an English-French vocabulary. It may be seen in Mr. Wright's "Volume of Vocabularies," printed there from Arund. MS. No. 220, collated with Sloane MS. No. 809 (Brit. Mus.). It is written for the use of the Lady Dionysia de Monchensi in the education of her children (but, though so well prepared, he is said to have died childless), and begins in this way:—

"Femme, ke approche soun tens
Enfaunter (*belitter*) moustre sens,

the earliest attempt at an English-French handbook is a "lytell treatyse" "for to lerne Englyshe and Frensshe," "emprynted at Westminster by my "Wynken de Worde." This primitive work does not trouble itself with any grammatical subtleties or comparisons. It consists simply of a list of English words and phrases, with interlinear French equivalents. We will quote a few lines from the opening to illustrate its style and the piety:—

"Here is a good boke to lerne speke frensshe.
Decy ung bon liure a apprendre parler
francoys.

In the name of the fader and ye sone,
En nom du pere et du filz,

And of the holy goost, I wyl begynne
Et du saint esperit, ie weil commencer

To lerne to speke frensshe;
A apprendre a parler francoys;

Soo that I may doo my marchaundyse
Affin que je puisse faire ma marchandise

In fraunce and elles where in other londes,
En france et allieurs en aultre pays,

There as the folke speke frensshe.
La ou les gens parlent francoys."

Then follow the numerals, and various social greetings. And then "here followeth the booke of curtesye"—courtesy was the essential study of the time—which lays down many characteristic precepts anent behaviour at the dinner-table.

In the year 1530 appeared a most important work—important in the history of both the French and English languages—Palsgrave's "*Lesclarcissement de la Langue Françoisse*." It was composed originally for the Princess Mary on her marriage to Louis XII. It is a vast improvement on Wynken de Worde's "lytell treatyse," as it fairly attempts a grammatical arrangement. The treatment is, of course, of an empirical kind, and is throughout influenced, as might be expected, by the existing Latin grammars. But just

Ke ele se purveyt de une ventrere (*a midewif*)
Ke seyt avisé counseylere.
Kaunt le emfès sera nées
Lors deyt estre maylolez (*yswathid*).
En soun berz (*a cradle*) l'enfant chochet,
De une berice (*a nurse*) bas purvoyet
Où par sa norice seyt bercé (*lullid*)."

the same criticism might be given of all English grammars, down to very late years indeed. Empiricism, and a servile adherence to the Latin grammar type, have been down to our own days the grand characteristics of English grammars. In the "*Esclarcissement*," each part of speech is briefly discussed; and after the "*annotacyons*," follows, in each case, a table of words—in fact, a short dictionary of words and phrases. "M. John Palysgrave, clerk, scole-master to my Lady Princesses," deserves much to be remembered for his services to the study of modern languages.

The early part of the sixteenth century, Palsgrave's period, is memorable, as everybody knows, for the introduction of Greek scholarship into this country, and for great activity in the matter of education. No language can be studied by itself with any great linguistic profit. The study of Latin was immensely advantaged by the introduction of the study of Greek. The study of language then became possible. Modern languages soon reaped benefit from this advance. English scholars began presently to look at home, just as men that have travelled take a keener interest than ever in their own domestic institutions. The controversies between the Greeks and the Trojans improved the prospects of the mother-tongue of those doughty combatants. In Queen Elizabeth's reign an English language literature may be said to fairly commence. Then attention was first paid to the vague and unsettled condition of our orthography—a great and perennial difficulty with us down to Dr. Johnson's time (our orthography is "to this time unsettled and fortuitous," says the lexicographer in his preface), and our own. In the year 1568 Sir Thomas Smith, who had previously, as Public Prælector at Cambridge, wielded his sword in that great battle of Greek pronunciation, produced his dialogue—"De recta et emendata Linguæ Anglicæ Scriptione." Quintus and Smithus, the interlocutors, are very much of one opinion, and describe our English spelling as "*perineptam et mancam*"—

"right foolish and lame." They complain of otioseness of letters in some words, of inadequacy in others, and that some sounds cannot be represented at all by existing characters, and they suggest, therefore, the admission of some new ones. The great principle on which these strictures are grounded is, that writing is the imitation of speech, just as a portrait of a person. This phonetic edict is strenuously insisted upon. No other theory is conceived of. Indeed, no other theory was possible in the then extreme infancy of etymology, and the utter capriciousness of custom. That theory, controlled somewhat by the authority of custom,—that is, by the printers, when their sovereignty was set up,—has been very commonly entertained till very lately, and in some quarters still finds favour. "Another cause which has maimed our language," says Swift, after discussing the common habit of using abbreviations, "is a foolish opinion that we ought to spell exactly as we speak." Dr. Johnson speaks of the contest prevailing between etymology and pronunciation, and is disturbed by it. But to return. In 1580 was published another work on the same subject—"Bullokar's Booke at large, for the Amendement of Orthographie for English Speech, &c. by the which amendement the same Author hath also framed a ruled grammar to be imprinted hereafter for the same speech, to the no small commoditie of the English nation," &c. Bullokar's righteous soul is much vexed by "the great abuses in writing and printing of English speech." The "Ruled Grammar" appeared in the year 1586, and is, perhaps, the oldest English grammar extant. Some eight years afterwards, at the sign of the Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, was to be purchased another English grammar, written in Latin, framed according to Ramus's method, pointing out differences between English and Latin, and setting forth perspicuously whatever was required for a knowledge of the former tongue. It is composed by P. G.—possibly one Greenwood,¹ of

¹ This suggestion is made in a MS. note in

St. John's College, Cambridge; which possibility, with the fact of its being printed at Cambridge, may serve to suggest that scholars of at least one of the Universities were paying some little attention to English. Gascoigne, in his "Steele Glas," had enjoined the priests to pray for the prosperity of English grammatical studies at both Oxford and Cambridge:

"Pray for the nurses of our noble realme;
I mean the worthie universities,
And Cantabridge shall have the dignitie,
Whereof I was unworthy member once,
That they bring up their babes in decent
wise,
That philosophie smell no secret smoke
Which magike makes in wicked mysteries."

And at last, after entreaties for the studies of "logike," "cosmographie," such as "historiographers," "numbering men," "physike," "geometrie," "musike," "rhetorike," "poetrie," "astrologie," they are to pray—

"That grammar grudge not at our English
tong,
Bycause it stands by monosyllaba,
And cannot be declined as others are."

We may safely say, then, that the English language did, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, receive some sort of recognition from the scholarship of the age. About that time, in some sort, the study of it commenced—a study doomed to perpetual disregard and neglect, left for the most part to sciolists and empirics, making no considerable or worthy progress till this present century, and even unto this day miserably uncultivated and backward.

Before leaving the sixteenth century, there deserve to be noticed the first essays in criticism of English poets and poesy. Puttenham, and Webbe, and Gascoigne, and Harrington, and Meres, and Sydney, succeeded presently by Campion and Daniel and others, made then some sort of attempt at an intelligent analytic survey of the poetic masterpieces of our literature. This introspection is a sure sign of the growing dignity of that literature—an acknowledgment of its the copy of the work preserved in the Grenville Library, British Museum.

right to a careful study, and an attentive dutiful respect. The pearls were beginning to be appreciated; the sweetness of modern voices to be heard and loved. The country was awakening to a consciousness of its power and glory. There is a time in the life of every great Beauty when she becomes aware of her own attractions—when she knows for the first time her own exquisite winning graces, and feels the dominion with which they endow her. She suddenly perceives that she is by birth a splendid princess. She sees a throne awaiting her, and a sceptre for her fair hand, and a charmed throng of chivalrous courtiers, and admiration and homage in the eyes of every approacher. In some such way England, in Queen Elizabeth's time, saw the vision of its own greatness. It awoke and found itself glorious.

We must now pass on to the seventeenth century, and see how the study which is the subject-matter of this paper fared in it. Perhaps the most signal events concerning that study are the publications of the first "English Dictionary," of Ben Jonson's "English Grammar," of Wallis's "Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae," of the first "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary and Grammar," and of the Dictionary of the French Academy. The first English dictionary came out in the year 1616, and was again and again re-issued. "An English Exposition," it is styled, "teaching the interpretation of the hardest words used in our language, with sundry explanations, descriptions, and discourses,"—a compendium of a larger work, which was destroyed by fire. Ben Jonson's grammar was not published till some years after his death. His interest in English grammar had been well known. He had collected grammatical works to assist him in its study. "Father Ben," says Howell, "you desired me lately to procure Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar, to add to those many you have; I have lighted on one at last," &c. He wrote his treatise principally for the benefit of foreigners; he modelled it carefully upon the current Latin grammars. "The profit of gram-

mar," he says, in his short preface, "is great to strangers, who are to live in communion and commerce with us, and it is honourable to ourselves, for by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an interpreter. We free our language from the opinion of rudeness and barbarism, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased; we show the copy of it, and matchableness with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our own children and youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge." This production shows a great amount of painstaking and study; but, as it is constructed on the principle that there is an intimate and close analogy between English and Latin, and that the former must always conform to the latter,—*corpora quin etiam jungebat mortua vivis*,—the scientific result possesses no great absolute value. Ramus may be called the grammatical god of Jonson's time. Him Jonson worships. But Scaliger and Smithus (the above-mentioned Sir Thomas) and Terentianus are not forgotten in his invocations. One very great merit adorns the book—its carefully-selected illustrative quotations. Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, Sir Thomas More, Ascham, are all appealed to, as well as Sir John Cheke (who taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek, as Milton's sonnet tells us), William Lambert's "Perambulation of Kent," "Jewel against Harding," and others. The familiarity with Chaucer's writings is especially noticeable. Wallis's work is distinguished by a higher linguistic tone. He has got well over some of the prejudices of his day. He contradicts those who held that English was too perplexed and confused a language to admit of grammatical arrangement—"Ut aegre possit grammaticae leges subire." That (we have referred to it before) was evidently a right long-lived prejudice, and was about as just as prejudices usually are. The evolutions of a battle-field are excessively perplexed and confused to a thoroughbred civilian. "The stars blindly run" to the astronomical dunce. After rebuking that folly, Wallis is sufficiently

enlightened to complain that his grammatical predecessors—Gill (Alexander Gill, Milton's schoolmaster), Ben Jonson, Hexham—have fallen into, that error to which we have now more than once alluded—the constraining English grammar to obey Latin forms and rules. Had Wallis been succeeded by investigators of a like spirit, working on the two great principles that there is such a thing as English grammar, and that it is not one and the same thing with Latin grammar, great progress might presently have been made. But the mantle of the acute, versatile professor fell on nobody. His work became a great authority; for a hundred years and more no advance was made. About the middle of the century appeared an "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary," and some thirty years afterwards an "Anglo-Saxon Grammar." But neither did this study prosper. The old prejudices were possessed of very tenacious roots. They would not easily be uprooted. English was still regarded as a chaos that no fiat could put in order, a madness with no method in it. A rough application to it of Latin rules was all that it could merit. No express measuring, no nice fit, no special costume could be expected. The grammarians of that time were a sort of ready-made clothes men—whose stock consisted of Latin grammar outlines. These were the only wear. Any modern language that wanted furnishing with a grammar must invest in one of them, and bear its body as seemly in it as it might.

Meanwhile the orthography of the kingdom was in a poor way. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Words assumed the most various and extraordinary shapes. They surpassed old Proteus in the art of changing. "If a man would indyte 'one letter to tuentie of our best wryteres, nae tuae of the tuentie' without conference wold agree, and 'they quhae might perhaps agree much' rather be custom then knowledge." So writes¹ Alexander Hume in his book

—"Of the Orthographie and Congruite
"of the Britain Tongue; a Treatise
"no Shorter than Necessarie for the
"Schooles." Probably, by way of illustrating this doleful discord, the worthy fellow is found, says Mr. Wheatley, in his edition of the treatise, "spelling
"words several different ways, even
"within the compass of a single sentence, without being able to lay the
"blame upon the printers: thus we
"find him writing 'judgement' (p. 11),
"judge' (p. 8), and 'judg' (p. 33),
"but 'juge' (p. 18)." "To write ortho-
"graphically," according to Hume, "ther
"are to be considered the symbol, the
"thing symbolized, and their congru-
"ence." The symbol is, of course, the
"written letter; "the thing symbolized I
"call the sound quhilk the mouth utters
"quhen the eie sees the symbol." The
"congruence between them is "the ground
"of all orthographie, leading the wryter
"from the sound to the symbol, and
"the reader from the symbol to the
"sound." But notwithstanding Hume's
"and such-like efforts, English ortho-
"graphy remained inconstant and fluctuating. Delos in the era of its vagrancy
"was never more so.

In the year 1635 the French Academy, till then a private society of *savans*, was formally established. One of its chief cares was the French language. Some sixty years after its establishment it produced its famous Dictionary. During this period the Port Royalists had been working in the same vineyard, and had given to the world their grammar. This activity was not without its influence in England. France was our literary guiding star at that time. Thus, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, Englishmen, seeing what France had done for its vernacular, began to desiderate a similar attention and service for theirs. Belshazzar was not more perturbed by the handwriting on his wall than they by the current orthography and grammar. The suggested remedy was the appointment of a dictator, or dictatorial body. They yearned for the voice of authority. As Protestants are said, ever and anon, to

¹ Edited for the Early English Text Society by Mr. Wheatley.

go over to the Church of Rome out of sheer weariness of Reformational differences and contrarities, so the speakers of Queen Anne's English longed for a sovereign language-pontiff. The compositeness of English was a profound perplexity. "I have often wished," begins a *Spectator*, "that as in our constitution there are several persons whose business is to watch over our laws, our liberties, and commerce, certain men might be set apart as superintendents of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words that it would be impossible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern newspaper. Our warriors are very industrious in propagating the French language at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power." Our mother-tongue began to perceive that it was in a most disorderly, promiscuous, unassorted, ill-regulated, unprincipled, and generally dark condition. It felt itself unpitied and forlorn, and it cried aloud for help and guidance. Thus the watchword down to Dr. Johnson's time was, "Fix the language"—as if the language was some irrepressible vagabond only to be kept quiet and in order by bonds and fetters. Swift voices it lustily in his proposal, addressed to Lord Oxford, "For Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue." "Our language," he says, "is extremely imperfect. In many instances it offends against every part of grammar." (So much the worse for grammar.) "The French for the last fifty years hath been polishing as much as it will bear. . . . I see no absolute necessity why any language should be perpetually changing," &c. And so the English language must be fixed. "One great end of this undertaking,"

writes Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield, in his "Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language," "is to fix the language." And so far as the language could be fixed in Swift and Johnson's sense, so far, perhaps, it was fixed by the dictionary mentioned in the "Plan," which dawned on this highly gratified island in the year 1755. That work became for the time the supreme court of appeal as to the orthography and legitimacy of any word. But the only way in which a language can with any importance be said to be fixed is by a thorough investigation of its first principles, and a vigorous insistent adherence to them. A house is "fixed" by looking after and supporting its foundations, not by ever so knowing and tasteful an arrangement of its various rooms and chambers. "Johnson's Dictionary" does, linguistically, little more than ably represent the contemporary state of the language. He knows something of the body of it, little of the spirit. He is conscious enough of much that there is to be done for it, but by no means of everything, or of its most radical necessities. "I have attempted," the Doctor prefaces, "a Dictionary of the English Language which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected, suffered to spread under the direction of chance into wild exuberance, resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion, and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance and caprices of innovation." He feels less sanguine about the fixing the language than he was when he wrote the "Plan." He observes that "the French language has visibly changed under the inspection of the Academy." He does not attempt to look for any laws in such changing. Probably he regarded language as a sort of wilful child, or a Phillis,

"Faithless as the winds and seas,
Sometime wanton, sometimes coy,"

or a wind blowing at its pleasure and defying any one to tell whence it comes

or whither it goes, or as a planet may have been regarded by the pre-astronomical world as a sort of celestial vagrant that could never be reckoned upon.

In the meantime English grammars had been multiplying, but not greatly improving. More than a hundred are mentioned in Mr. Watts's "*Bibliotheca Britannica*," as appearing in the eighteenth century, and the list is probably not exhaustive. In 1711 appeared one "with the approbation of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor." "This grammar," says Steele, "has done that justice to our language which till now it never obtained." Alas for our language if no better justice than "this grammar" meted it out was to be done it! "Few natives," says the Preface, "know how to write their own mother tongue." And "we need not here discourse of the usefulness of grammar, since every day's experience shows the effect of the ignorance of it, as the letters and writing, not only of the fair sex, but of much the greater part of the men to their scandal discover!" Poor fair sex! poor men! To think of them "proposing," and "accepting," and "refusing," in spite of syntax! To think of their ill-spelt vows and uncouth adorations! They knew no better. How could they? So they lived their ungrammatical lives uncaring, and they repose in peace, let us hope, beneath their ungrammatical tombstones. Of all the more than a hundred grammars, scarcely one can boast a competent author. They are written mostly by illiterates and empirics.

The most famous of them—his fame, sad to say, still endures—was Lindley Murray. This shepherd had no philosophy in him. He put into better order the grammatical prescriptions then in vogue, judiciously using larger and smaller type, and adding "a proper selection of faulty composition." "The author," he says in the preface to the first edition, dated 1795, "has no interest in the present publication but that of endeavouring to promote the cause of learning and virtue." This emi-

nent man,—the ever-memorable despot of so many domestic schoolrooms, over whose illustrious work English girls for the last fifty years have perpetually sighed and groaned, and prayed for death or the holidays,—the great master of perplexity and desperation, the supreme horror of budding maidenhood,—was born in Pennsylvania, if indeed so great a personage could ever have been born. Let us never doubt that "at that nativity the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets." When about forty years of age he settled in England, near York, and ten years afterwards he brought forth his grammar. What his qualifications were for such a production is an abstruse question. Perhaps that idea of promoting learning and virtue at one and the same time, by always using "examples" of "a moral and religious tendency," had something to do with his popularity. The latter part of the last century was never happy if it was not either moralizing or being moralized. "His works," says a reviewer of him, "are distinguished from the mass of school-books by a correct style, by a refined taste, and especially by a vigilant subservience to morality and religion." What delights Miss Elizabeth Frank, who in 1826, the year of his decease, published memoirs of him, is the freedom of his work "from everything objectionable." The morally unobjectionable may be philologically objectionable. Murray's grammar may be taken as a fair representative of the grammars of the old school. It remained in power till the rise of comparative philology had effected a revolution in the grammatical world. It remains still in power where that revolution has not yet been heard of, just as in the Commonwealth days, in some remote and ill-informed parts of Wales, the prayer for the King and the Royal Family was read continuously in all good faith up to the year of the Restoration.

One more book belonging to the last century may be mentioned in the slight sketch of the study of our language, and that is Horne Tooke's "*Diversions*

of Purley." Its object was not so much that the natives should fix the language as that the language should fix the natives. With extremely meagre etymological resources, it essays to make out the original force and meaning of English words. "*Stellis ac herbis vis est, sed maxima verbis.*" King Stork may have been elected by universal suffrage, but everybody knows what a terrible autocrat he proved. Not other is the power of words. From them there is no appeal. The whole duty of man is comprised in discovering their primitive signification, and obeying them. *Verbum sapienti*, in a new sense, on all questions.

And now at last we come to the day-spring. At last the vernacular dark ages begin to pass away. Comparative

philology, one of the greatest newborn sciences, has invested every language with a high interest and dignity, and amongst others the English. And now as last there is some hope of our reproach being taken away, of our earnestly exploring and understanding our mother-tongue. Within the last thirty years much has been done; but how little of what has yet to be done! Even of that little foreigners have done a part for us. The study of our language is still in its very infancy. There is not yet extant any satisfactory grammar of it, any adequate dictionary, any complete history of its sources or of its development. We are proud of computing by how many millions it is spoken; but we have been content to live strangely careless, grossly ignorant of it.

THE WEDDING RING.

I CLIMBED the hill, and looked around :

The prospect stretched out wide—
Green vales, rich woods, and shining sea,
Beauty on every side.

So fair, so far, so boundless all,
My spirit was oppressed ;
My glance roamed round, now here, now there,
And knew not where to rest.

Then from my finger, half in play,
My wedding ring I drew,
And through that golden circle small
Looked out upon the view.

I saw a wreath of cottage-smoke,
A church-spire rising by,
A river wind through quiet woods—
Above, a reach of sky.

This little picture I had made
Both cheered and calmed my soul ;
True, I saw less, but what I saw
Was dearer than the whole.

More vivid lights, more solemn shades,
Such limits seemed to bring ;—
My portion of the world be still
Framed by my wedding ring !

L. C. S.

REFORM.¹

THERE is much that is remarkable about the present position of the Reform question. It would be worth while on some other occasion to analyse the curious process by which, in spite of bitter opponents and half-hearted friends, the extension of our franchise has come to be accepted as one of the necessities of the day. Not least among the causes of this change is the growth of the conviction amongst thoughtful men that such an extension is really desirable. It has become evident that the demand for reform is more deeply rooted than was at first hastily supposed—that it was not a cry got up by demagogues, nor the fancy of obstinate doctrinaires and fanatics. It cannot be suppressed by a few cynical sneers, nor by the exclamations of those political optimists who hold the simple faith that whatever is, is right—especially the 10*l.* franchise. Public discussion has received a corresponding improvement; it has ceased to be the mere thrust-and-parry of political fencers, going through all the motions of a contest to please their constituents, but with an excellent mutual understanding; the battle is now in earnest; no position can be occupied without a challenge; and the advocates of Reform, who were taunted, not unfairly, with the weakness of their first attack, have been driven to take a new and far more decisive line of assault. Mr. Lowe's speeches admirably expressed the contempt of the thoroughly comfortable classes for the obvious folly of discontent; they surprised Conservatives by translating their dumb instincts into the language of intellect; but they did more by the rebound they provoked than by their direct action. They not only roused the indignation of the working classes by sentiments which, as they were disavowed, must of course have

been falsely imputed; but they compelled all thoughtful Reformers to summon into action deeper principles than had been previously brought forwards. Amongst the fruits of this reaction we may reckon a large part of the interesting volume of "Essays on Reform," lately published. Some of the essays refer directly to Mr. Lowe's argument—especially a very able one by Mr. Brodrick—and most of the others deal with the ideas of which Mr. Lowe was incomparably the ablest exponent. In endeavouring to point out very shortly the present position of the discussion and the light thrown upon it by the aforesaid volume, we will therefore start from Mr. Lowe's main assertions, which are, so to speak, the very key of the Conservative position. When we have once appreciated them, we shall be able to see the bearing of some of the subsidiary but important questions still in dispute. We shall incidentally observe how great is the improvement manifested by the tone of these essays, as compared with the mere skirmishing about the outside of the question which was till lately prevalent.

Mr. Lowe's argument involves the following important steps: First, that the test of any constitution is the degree in which it is favourable to good government; secondly, that the extension of the franchise below the magical limit of 10*l.* would lead inevitably to democracy; and thirdly, that democracy is an evil. Without endeavouring to discuss the very wide questions raised by these assertions, we shall try to indicate their relation to what we conceive to be sounder and deeper principles.

The first of the assumptions named is one which, with proper qualifications, we are not concerned to dispute. We will willingly accept the so-called expediency test, for the purposes, at any rate, of the present argument. Mr. Brodrick

¹ "Essays on Reform." London, 1867. Macmillan and Co.

has shown with much acuteness that the sneers which Mr. Lowe levels from the cover of this assumption, against what he stigmatizes as "*a priori* rights of man," are not justifiable—even on Mr. Lowe's own theory. It is possible, for example, to defend the maxim (assuming it to be sound) that taxation should accompany representation, on the same grounds of experience as utilitarians would allege in support of any moral dogma. If so, our constitution must be framed in obedience to such guiding rules, and not on a mere calculation as to the probable quality of the resulting legislation. It is perhaps more important to remark that Mr. Lowe's argument obviously involves wider considerations than those upon which he relies. We cannot look upon Parliament as a dead machine for grinding out laws, and simply arrange it in such a way as to make the best laws. We must remember that the action of the machine upon itself is important—that its parts will act and react upon each other according to most complicated laws, and that they may be liable to rust, or explode, or collapse, however excellent the material which, when sound, they are capable of turning out. Or, to drop the metaphor, a legislature may be very wise; but if it does not enjoy the confidence of the country, it may not possess the indispensable virtue of stability. Government by a class implies too narrow a base of the constitution for real security: when the French constitution collapsed in 1848 because it possessed only the sympathy of one section of the people, no intrinsic wisdom could have made it tolerable. Again, it is obviously essential, even to legislative power, that the people should have confidence in their rulers, instead of cherishing a sullen and half-avowed antagonism. This is no mere quibble or bit of sentimentalism. Take such a case as Army Reform: if it were necessary to enforce a conscription, would the Parliament as at present elected dare to pass an effective measure? Would not the unrepresented masses say, and say effectually (whether reasonably or not is another question), "We won't give

"our services unless we are consulted
"as to whether we shall give them, and
"for what we shall give them; we will
"not allow you—our political masters—
"to press us first and then set us to fight
"whom you choose." People will impose burdens upon themselves which at the bidding of another they would be loth to touch with their little fingers. The same difficulty is tacitly felt in such questions as compulsory education or the relations of labour and capital; we dare not legislate effectually because we are legislating for people who have no voice in the matter. As we cannot insult them openly and constitutionally, we have to try little nibbling tentative measures; we advance a step, and then wait to see whether we have given offence, and afterwards we timidly try another step forwards—or perhaps backwards.

These considerations are by themselves sufficient to show that Mr. Lowe's argument omits some important conditions. And on attempting to follow his next step, we immediately become conscious of the result. His divergence from the track increases as we advance, and the error which vitiates the whole subsequent chain of inference becomes obvious. There is indeed something in his conclusions which, one would have thought, must have startled even the country gentlemen who applauded and still more the orator who put forward the argument. By lowering the franchise from 10*l.* to 7*l.*, said Mr. Lowe, you introduce all the evils of democracy! This one insignificant change will launch us down a slope, where no stopping is possible. Every warning that has been uttered by every political writer, from Plato down to Sir Archibald Alison, will be exemplified in your terrible fate. Can such awful questions, one was tempted to ask, depend upon such petty causes? Is the constitution of this ancient empire, with all its old associations, and all its wealth and power and prestige, at the mercy of one rash vote of the House of Commons? What strange providence has preserved us hitherto? If we are so weak as to die

of the first trifling injury, how have we got through so many centuries unscathed? What curious felicity placed the limit of franchise just at that point where democracy could still be escaped? What magic can there be in the sum of 10*l*. that it saves us now, and how long may we trust to its mysterious efficacy? With so thin a plank between us and destruction, we should be as nervous as a man launched in an outrigger on the Atlantic; the winds of heaven must never visit our faces too roughly, or we shall be swamped in a moment. It was once fashionable to talk about nations "losing their liberties," as though liberties were lost as easily as pocket-handkerchiefs in a crowd; and now it seems that the British Constitution may disappear any morning as early and imperceptibly as the funds of a joint-stock company. Mr. Lowe got up some kind of alarm by dwelling on these terrific ideas, but the ordinary English mind had too much sense to be terrified; it knew that its constitution was somewhat sounder in wind and limb than its doctor made out.

If we attempt to test the logic which lands us in so strange an inference, it is easy to detect an assumption which has the same origin as that already noticed. Mr. Lowe's conception of Parliament, of its powers and duties, omits precisely the most important class of considerations. In his view, it is or ought to be an irresponsible and an omnipotent body. It legislates for the unrepresented part of the community in the spirit of a paternal despotism. Their will does not affect it, and cannot work without its sanction. Parliament is a serene intelligence, an earthly providence sitting up aloft, moulding the destinies of the nation, and deciding, for example, whether it is to be an aristocracy or a democracy. The one thing important is, that it should consist of the ablest administrators; and, for some mysterious reason which we seek in vain to penetrate, the ten-pound householders have an infallible instinct for electing the ablest administrators. The logic would apparently have been better if it

had brought out a benevolent despotism as the solution of Mr. Lowe's problem; but we are only to trust to experience, and experience proves that the ten-pounders are, contrary to all natural anticipation, the body which has the quickest eye for a good legislator. Now all this may be plausible; it certainly falls in with many natural prejudices—with the English belief that Parliament is omnipotent, and with the parliamentary belief that Parliament is perfect. But it omits, as we have seen, the important truth that Parliament must, as a condition of its utility, reflect the desires of the whole nation; because, without such a correspondence, it cannot possess their confidence, and will therefore be cut off from the most important source of its power. However wise it may be, it cannot be strong unless it has at its back something more than a class; and without strength, its wisdom is as useless as folly. But further, the theory involves a total misconception of the still more important truth from which this truth is a mere corollary. Parliament supplies the machinery by which, in a healthy state of things, the various social forces produce their effect; but it is not, and cannot be, an independent centre of force in itself. It transmits and perhaps modifies them, but it does not originate them. If any of them are prevented from acting directly upon Parliament, they will either act upon it indirectly, or work by different means altogether. To ignore the power of the working classes is not the same thing as to diminish it; it is only to drive them to exercise it by a less perfect set of instruments. And especially is this true of the democratic progress of the country. We will not enter into any metaphysical speculations as to the necessity or otherwise of such a progress. But one thing is clear: that it depends upon causes far deeper than any legislature can ever hope to affect. For good or for evil, there is a mighty social development taking place day by day, sometimes in silence and obscurity, more rarely by convulsive starts, which Parliament can

only modify in the most superficial manner. It depends upon a thousand causes—upon the growth of new ideas and of our command over nature—upon change in social relations, in religion, in commerce and in the whole economy of the world—all of them lying far beyond the sphere of legislation. Parliament may suit itself to altered circumstances, but cannot alter them; it may relax the bonds which hamper the growth of the nation, and tend to produce irritation, disease, and deformity.

This truth, which cuts at the very root of Mr. Lowe's theory, and which lies at the foundation of all sound political philosophy, is forcibly illustrated in many of the essays before us. Perhaps the facts brought forward by Mr. Cracroft are the most striking practical proof; although, as we shall presently see, he is driven towards the opposite pole of exaggeration. Take, for example, these simple facts. The Reform Bill of 1832 made the first breach through which the roaring flood of democracy was to pour to the destruction of our ancient landmarks. The landed interest, according to the arrangement then devised, was to have about 250 members, and the towns about 400. What is the result thirty-five years afterwards? The House of Commons, says Mr. Cracroft, has, at least, 500 members who are "either county members, or, if representing boroughs, either peers, or relations of peers, or landowners, or under "landowners' influence." The aristocratic class, again, including those who are connected with it either by marriage or descent, numbers 326 members; and, as Mr. Cracroft forcibly remarks, the degree in which these members are bound together by various relationships, forming them, as it were, into one vast "cousinhood," gives additional stability to the body; and shows "the extraordinary political *solidarity* of the "upper classes." They are a compact mass, of which it may be said that it—

"Heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

The winds in fact, of demagogic oratory,

and the waves of the democratic deluge, seem to beat harmlessly against this solid structure, knit and bound together by a thousand imperceptible ties. We need not quote more of Mr. Cracroft's curious analysis, showing how firm and apparently invincible is this close phalanx of the upper classes. His conclusion is diametrically opposite to that of Mr. Lowe. He is so struck with admiration at the system which he describes, as almost to fall down and worship. To quote his own words: "No Englishman need quarrel with Mr. Lowe for "lavishing his admiration on a body of "men, which, take it all in all, is one "of the greatest marvels in history. "But there our agreement stops. Mr. "Lowe says, 'Touch it, and it will "perish.' With all deference to so great "an authority, I venture to say, 'It is "imperishable, so long as the country "lasts.'"

And Mr. Cracroft proceeds to argue that the supposed universal tendency towards democracy is not in fact a necessary nor universal tendency. To quote some of the theses with which he rather quaintly concludes his paper:—

"22. The democratic element, in the "body politic, may finally starve and "never recover itself, as well as the "aristocratic.

"23. Consider the everlasting Indian "castes, and their one anxiety to remain "everlasting. Consider the Pariahs.

"24. A concurrence of causes has "rendered democracy, in this country, "impossible."

And so on through some still queerer propositions.

The paradoxical nature, as we hold, of these assertions, is some measure of the strength of the evidence—however falsely interpreted—by which they have been forced upon an intelligent writer. That evidence neither proves, nor tends to prove, that democracy is "impossible" in this country. On the contrary, we hold that it is advancing by visible strides. "Consider the Pariahs and the Indian castes." Certainly! they are a useful lesson; when England is making as little progress, socially

and intellectually, as India, perhaps its political conditions may be equally stereotyped. But the first symptom of regeneration in India is the upheaval of the social strata, and the incipient destruction of the caste-system. The constant result of every improvement in England is the similar breaking-up of our far less iron-bound castes. The old barriers are yielding here as well as in every civilized country of Europe. Let us look back to the England of two generations back, when power was still a mere prize to be scrambled for by a few great families; or to the England of one generation back, when trades unions were in their infancy, and the working classes had not begun to feel their power. Is not the most prominent fact in contemporary history the growth of the power of combination, amongst the lower classes of the population? Some of us regard it with almost superstitious horror; others welcome it as the best hope of mankind; but, for good or for evil, it grows; and with it inevitably grows the political power which those classes may wield when they choose. Every penny newspaper that is published, and every railway that is built, is a direct step towards democracy, because each of them tends directly to increase the knowledge and the independence of the working classes. But we need not spend much argument upon demonstrating a truth which is palpable when we look upon any great arc of the national orbit, though it may elude an observation fixed upon an insignificant fraction of time. What, then, is the lesson which we may fairly learn from Mr. Cracroft's figures? We certainly do not suppose that, because our rulers are still chosen from the upper classes, democracy will not advance; even aristocratic members must reflect, in some degree, the prejudices of their constituents; and, although the popular will has no direct means of expression, it is not ineffectual because it is in the background. If Mr. Cracroft's arguments were sound, they would almost amount to a refutation of any claims for the extension of the franchise, for they

would prove that no such change could make a practical difference. The statistics, however, which he gives establish a wider and a more natural conclusion. They amount to a demonstration of the futility of the "swamping argument." Numbers already swamp the aristocracy, if we could judge by simple enumeration—if, that is to say, we made the trifling omission of all the influence which the English aristocracy and plutocracy can exercise outside the bounds of the Constitution; or if, in other words again, we omitted the most important condition of the problem. But, as it is, the landed interest has some 500 out of 658 members; the aristocracy has, at least, 326; whilst the working classes, who at the poll-book have one-quarter of the votes, return perhaps two members. There cannot be a clearer proof, if proof were needed, that the rank and wealth of this country can hold their own in this country in the freest possible competition.

So far as Reform has hitherto proceeded, there is more apparent risk of rank and wealth usurping the representation than of their being excluded from it. Doubtless an extension of the franchise would tend to weaken this power; it would bring within the pale large classes over whom the influence of the higher classes is comparatively weak; it would sweep away some of the nomination boroughs by which the power of the aristocracy is artificially increased; it would substitute for them larger populations, in which such organizations as the trades unions would wield the power hitherto monopolized by rank and wealth;—again, it would force many questions upon Parliament which are now passed by with a sneer or a perfunctory attendance; but which must, sooner or later, be settled by a thorough Reform, on peril of great dangers. Certain vested interests would suffer, and possibly Parliament would take a little more pains to help on the improvement of the dwellings of the lower classes, and a little less to compensate landowners for the Cattle Plague. But if Mr. Love appeals to experience, to experience he

must go ; and it cannot be denied that the most appropriate of all experience—that of our own time and country—shows decidedly that the influence of the higher classes is incomparably greater than that which is guaranteed to them by direct legislation. It is a fair inference that we may make a bold step in advance, without the slightest fear that landowners or capitalists will be unable to obtain a hearing. We may give opportunity for the lower orders to make their voices constitutionally heard in Parliament without the slightest danger of stifling the legitimate voices of the wealthy classes. We shall find that no careful legislation, no elaborate system of checks and balances, is necessary to compel our dear fellow-countrymen to love a lord and be accessible to money.

But here we are brought into direct opposition to a whole crowd of philosophical writers. Such terms as cumulative voting and personal representation recall certain patent safeguards of the Constitution—amulets which will preserve their wearers from all taint of democracy. Some of them have in their favour the weight of very eminent names ; and at the moment of writing this, Lord Derby's Government has given them some importance by proposing the device of "dual voting." Whether "dual votes" or Lord Derby's Government will last until our publication is another question ; but the fact that this device has received the sanction of Government makes it worth a few words. Some powerful remarks on this point will be found in Mr. Albert Dicey's essay, and with his general results we are happy to express our full concurrence. Shortly summed up, our conclusion may be expressed as follows, though we are necessarily unable to go at length into an argument already thickened with volumes of controversy.

And, first, we confess to a general prejudice against reforming mankind by clever arithmetical dodges. Sieyès' constitutions, and Hare's schemes, and an infinite number of other schemes of varying ability, seem to us to be con-

demned by one simple rule : you can't shuffle a pack of cards so as to make them all trumps, and no judicious plan of political conjuring can re-arrange bad political elements into a good constitution. Do what you will, the low card will turn up somewhere, and the corrupt influences will make themselves felt. Mathematicians don't require to follow out the details of a scheme for perpetual motion ; they know at once that you can't make force out of nothing by any manipulation. And, similarly, politicians should reject these taking devices for eliminating vice by sleight-of-hand. Ballot-boxes, voting-papers, and all the paraphernalia of skilful Reformers may be good in their way, but it is a very small way ; they won't cheat a nation into virtue by dexterous trickery, without the troublesome process of appealing to its conscience. It may be a sad truth, but it is one which we must face : the road to political virtue is slow and troublesome ; new ideas will gradually force their way, and the standard of morality be slowly raised by the efforts of devoted men. But these impatient tricks for shortening the process will never answer ; we must provide the simplest machinery for enabling the nation to work out the problems before it, and for bringing its whole force to bear ; but we shall never succeed in providing a self-acting machinery which will somehow spontaneously purify the forces and their product.

This general presumption against every species of political *hocus-pocus* tells with very different weight against different schemes. Mr. Hare's scheme has perhaps most to say for itself, for it professes at least to introduce a new principle ; whilst the dual vote, as suggested by Government, is perhaps the very feeblest expedient hitherto suggested. To take this last first : On what principle does it rest ? Why should a man who pays 20s. in taxes have an additional vote, and only one additional vote ? Is not Professor Lorimer's scheme fairer, according to which, a man with 1,000*l.* a year has ten votes ? It is easy to say, generally, that people with more money should

have more power (assuming that they have not got it already); but directly we try to translate this into numbers, and assign to each man the voting power which is his due, we break down from sheer want of any principle to guide us. Any scheme of this kind is merely an elaborate device for adjusting a matter which will, under any circumstances, adjust itself, and we have no means of even guessing whether one subsidiary adjustment will be too great or too little. Here is the fallacy against which we have been all along protesting; you refuse to admit the palpable truth that wealth, and rank, and intellect are a force in themselves, and you therefore try to give to the wealthy, and exalted, and intellectual people votes to correspond to the force which they ought to have, but, according to you, have not. Of course it is totally impossible to find any proportion whatever. What Rule of Three will answer this question:—If John Smith has one vote, how many should Mr. Mill have? Professor Lorimer's answer is that Mr. Mill should have (say) two votes for his money, and another for his office, and so on—say half-a-dozen in all; but who can say that six is nearer the mark than sixty, or six hundred? Our answer would be that Mr. Mill should have as many as he can get: that is, as many persons as he can influence; the problem will settle itself, and Mr. Mill's influence, no doubt, will be many thousand times what Professor Lorimer would assign to him. The same argument applies to all these ingenious devices. They reduce themselves ultimately to a very simple result, of which the dual vote is an example. It is really an attempt to keep a little power in the hands of the wealthier classes while affecting to give it away; to retain a private reserve-fund, whilst professing to go into partnership; to handicap judiciously those who are already weighted in the race by poverty and ignorance. It would be infinitely more open and honest to draw the line of enfranchisement a little higher, and not to draw the hand half back just as it is held

out. The only good point about it to a Radical is, that the distinction is so invidious that it could not be maintained; but this would be a dishonest reason for accepting it. Give, or don't give; but don't try to get the credit at once of liberality and philosophy, by half spoiling the value of the gift.

The schemes for cumulative voting, or for "personal representation," would require a fuller analysis. But with every desire to do them justice, we cannot see in them the germ of any new principle. The fundamental theory, which lies at the bottom of them all, is, that Parliament ought to be the mirror of the nation; that it should reflect, on a small scale, every shade of opinion which prevails in the larger body. But when we ask why this should be, and how it should be secured, the argument again breaks down hopelessly. As to the why, we can see no reason for representing every shade of opinion in Parliament. A sect which represents one six hundred and fifty-eighth part of the country is not really the stronger for having one member of Parliament. Its real strength lies in the truth of its opinions and its consequent power of propagating them out of doors. Pamphlets, or articles, or sermons, or speeches at meetings, must be its weapons—not the empty satisfaction of an utterance once in the session from a minority of one. To attempt any careful adaptation of Parliament for such purposes as these, is an entire blunder; the tools with which we try to work in practical life will not admit such refinement; you might as well try to paint miniatures with a mop; you have at most an illusory affectation of impracticable accuracy. The ultimate function of Parliament is to pass laws, not to talk about them; hence it is of slight use for any party to have members till it can have enough to affect legislation, and not essential to have them till it can hope for an occasional majority. This theory seems to assume, in curious harmony with some already noticed, that the discussion of a question in Parliament is the only discussion which takes place throughout the country, whereas it is

really an infinitesimal part of that discussion. But if the desirability of securing this ideal reflection of all parties is doubtful, the possibility of such a result is more doubtful still. Reformers of Mr. Hare's sanguine temperament seem always to imagine that the institutions they provide will be worked in the spirit they intend—not that they will be subjected to the strain of every political passion, bearing them in all directions. It is easy to invent a lifeboat which shall act perfectly so long as the sea is still, or only rolls one way; but when the sea is stormy and perverse, it is another matter. The American Solons arranged their nice little scheme of double elections, to avoid the inconveniences of popular excitement, but at the very first trial party discipline reduced it to a mere form. Similarly, we need not fancy that an election under Mr. Hare's scheme would be worked as Mr. Hare intends. Money would buy votes, and influence compel votes, as easily as ever; men would have the same motives for getting into Parliament, and the same motives for choosing members of Parliament. Doubtless in a few cases constituencies might club together to elect men who would now find entrance more difficult; but this is a subsidiary result of comparatively small importance. The materials and the passions that work upon them would remain the same, and they could hardly fail to bring about much the same result. With all respect for the great authorities enlisted in behalf of the scheme, we cannot anticipate from it the moral reformation of the constituent, and therefore no radical change in the government which he constitutes.

Is this cynical? Surely not. It is merely an assertion of that highly general principle that something is not to be had for nothing, and that, in the long run, national improvement is brought about by genuine hard work

instead of clever devices. The essential question is simplified to that which lies upon the surface. Shall we or shall we not allow the working classes, not to exercise an influence, but to exercise it by constitutional means? Their growing intelligence and independence makes it certain that in some way or other their opinion must for the future be reckoned amongst political forces. Shall we endeavour to ignore it in our parliamentary system? That is already impossible. Shall we then give so little that it can really produce no effect, by enfranchising only as many working men as are well under the influence of the upper classes, or by adding such a small additional number to the electoral body, that they can produce no appreciable effect? Or shall we try to bring about the same end less honestly by giving with one hand and neutralizing the gift with the other? Either of these plans, if adopted without conscious insincerity, could only be the work of cowards or bunglers. Or, finally, shall we take heart of grace, and boldly pass a broad and decisive measure; taking for our guide the principle that those who have already the power to make their strength felt, shall be enabled to speak through Parliament; and feeling confident that in England our present political leaders are perfectly well able to take care of themselves and their influence, even with a franchise far larger than the present?

[While agreeing with our able contributor in the main, we would reserve certain points for difference. The scheme of *Personal Representation* is conceived by many high authorities to be one of the richest in important consequences that have been broached in this generation; and it seems to us a matter for regret, at this moment of a probable settlement of the Reform question for some time to come, that a determination towards some experiment of this scheme should not already have become part of that popular creed whose demands will, necessarily and justly, shape the settlement.—Ed. M. M.]

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

This Story will be continued in the number for May.—Ed. M. M.

